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The Basis for Limited Agreement

CLUMSILY, and behind the propaganda barrage of Notes and counter-Notes, the Great Powers are lumbering towards a conference of Foreign Ministers. Both East and West have powerful reasons for avoiding war, and a common interest therefore in achieving a limited agreement. The Russians are probably both surprised and alarmed by the colossal American rearmament drive produced by what they no doubt regarded as a minor mopping-up operation in Korea; and they certainly believe that the re-creation of a Wehrmacht in Western Germany would make inevitable a general war in which Communism as well as Capitalism might perish. They are therefore interested in halting the mobilisation of the West so long as the price they have to pay for achieving this objective does not reduce their own security or weaken their hold in Eastern Europe. The Americans have been sobered by their bitter experiences in Korea and by General Eisenhower's report that a German army is not a practical possibility in the immediate future. Though they are still much concerned to prevent any agreement with Russia which would leave Germany a vacuum and slow down Atlantic rearmament, they certainly appreciate that any overt attempt to kill the conference in advance would merely demoralise their European allies and play into the hands of the Kremlin.

In this situation, Britain and France are given a rare opportunity of seizing the initiative. If we know exactly what we want to achieve at the conference, we now have the chance to shape the diplomatic strategy of the Western Powers and so to ensure that agreement is not excluded from the start. We may, of course, discover that the Russians are not prepared to pay the price which we must, for our own security, demand from them. At least we can see that the price we ask is not deliberately put at a figure which excludes agreement.

But what is a reasonable price? Mr. Attlee was fair enough in pointing out that the issue of German rearmament cannot be considered in isolation. If Western Germany is to be demilitarised, it is not enough that the *Bereitschaften* in the Eastern Zone should be disbanded. The West may reasonably demand that the armies of Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, Germany's allies in the recent war, must also be reduced to the figure laid down in the peace treaty and agreed to by the Soviet Union. Furthermore, if we are to return to the principle of German unification, which was the basis of the Potsdam agreement, then the totalitarian system of Eastern Germany must be dismantled to allow of genuinely free elections.

To state these two demands, which will certainly be made by the West, is to see the formidable difficulties in the way of any general agreement, even if both sides genuinely desire one. Indeed, the most that we could expect to achieve at this conference would be the establishment of a Four-Power commission to control the armies and armaments of all the defeated nations, Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, and secondly, an agreement to move by stages towards the formation of a central German government, while retaining the Zonal boundaries only as areas of military occupation. That this type of solution is possible is demonstrated by the fact that it has been functioning in Austria for the last six years. From the German point of view this Austrian solution is the only sane method of procedure. If, owing to either American or Russian opposition, it is not accepted, then it will be clear enough which Great Power is acting on the assumption that the war has already begun.

In Washington and Moscow there are powerful forces working against compromise; in some American quarters the whole idea of the forthcoming conference is disliked precisely because any agreement about Germany and any serious proposals for demilitarisation are regarded as a snare which can only frustrate the comprehensive rearmament of the West. It is these people who are determined to enlarge the agenda by the inclusion of propaganda items which would turn the conference into an exhibition of political warfare and make its failure a foregone conclusion. There are Americans, for instance, who will seek to include as an item on the agenda the disbanding of the Cominform as a pre-condition for any postponement of Western German rearmament. On the other side there are doubtless Russians who, in response to the demand that Russia should fulfil the peace treaties by reducing the size of the satellite armies, would immediately demand the inspection of American atomic plants and so divert the conference into an unrewarding search for agreement on atomic disarmament. The aim of British policy must be to exclude such propaganda from the agenda and to create an atmosphere in which a hard-headed limited bargain can be struck without being condemned as appeasement.

THE RAILWAY CRISIS

In the late hours of Wednesday, when the three-day railway wages talks broke down, the difference between the two sides had been narrowed, but was still far from bridged. Improving on its original plan (which the Guillebaud Court of Inquiry had broadly endorsed) for a 5 per cent. increase, costing £7 millions a year, the Railway Executive had offered an additional £2½ millions concentrated on the lowest earnings—*i.e.*, those round the £5 mark. Thus minimum rates for goods porters and engine cleaners would have risen from 96s. to 100s. per week (instead of 97s. 6d., as proposed by the Court), whereas the increase for first-year locomotive drivers would have been stepped up from 6s. to 7s.—*i.e.*, from 124s. to 131s.

With unofficial stoppages already spreading and a "go-slow" assuming large proportions, the union executives felt unable to accept this offer. They are reported to have said that they would recommend acceptance of advances costing about £12 millions annually—a figure corresponding apparently to an all-round increase of, say, 7½ per cent. But it is by no means certain whether delegate conferences of the N.U.R. and A.S.L.E.F would have endorsed even those terms—especially since the Railway Executive seems to have made the offer of *any* wage increases still subject to the reform, for which it had originally asked, of working conditions. We doubt if anything less than a 10 per cent. increase could be "sold" to the two non-clerical unions.

In these circumstances, the question is now fairly and squarely laid in Mr. Bevan's lap. In the three years 1948-50 the aggregate operating profit of the railways was £55 millions—little more than half the sum required to meet the onerous charge for interest on pre-nationalisation capital. This year, allowing for the increase in rates which took effect last May, the lines might more nearly "break even," after meeting the standing charge, *if wages and costs did not rise.* Since wages must rise substantially—by £12 millions a year at least—if dislocation of the country's economy is to be avoided, the Government has to make a choice. Should there be a further increase in rates—with a risk, one would suppose, of diminishing returns and a further undesirable diversion of heavy traffic to our congested roads? Or should the railways be relieved, at least temporarily, of part of their standing charge on ex-rentier account by a Treasury subsidy, on the stipulation that the railwaymen must agree, in return, to a relaxation of restrictive practices?

If the railwaymen genuinely felt that their demands for a living wage had been fairly met, there should be no insuperable difficulty in negotiating a revision of working conditions so as to secure some reduction of operating costs. Opposition to any increase in "lodging turns" or the extension of rostered duty hours from 8 to 9 per day has unreasonably impeded efficient and economical working. Nobody should want train crews to work excessive overtime, and there are legitimate grumbles about "lodging turn" hostels. But the Guillebaud Court of Inquiry noted cases of flagrant waste arising from trainmen working trains in one direction only, or for part only of a scheduled journey, because they had to be back at "base" strictly within eight hours. Nationalisation by itself is no substitute for rationalisation; and, since annual wastage of manpower is at the rate of 60,000, the problem of redundancy could surely be solved largely by slowing up recruitment. But, for the moment, as matters stand, only the Government can effect a settlement.

Korea and Sanctions

U.S. opinion has been deeply and rightly moved by the mounting casualty list of Americans killed in Korea; the toll of deaths on the other side is far more terrible. General MacArthur's censorship leaves us in doubt whether any large Chinese regular formations had crossed the 38th Parallel, or whether recent American victories have not been won mainly against North Koreans. If MacArthur refrains or is prevented by political considerations from attempting another advance to the Chinese frontier, it is at least possible that a standstill situation may develop in which both the Chinese and Americans would be prepared to re-consider a cease-fire. Meanwhile the Good Offices Committee, set up by the United Nations, seems not to have been able to function, and it is already announced that the Committee on Sanctions is to begin meeting. The best hope is that the deliberations of this Committee will run into the sand. The difficulties of forming any plan for sanctions against a vast and largely undeveloped country like China, which under its present Government is, in any case, looking to the Soviet Union economically as well as politically, are obvious. Sanctions against China can mean little or nothing unless they mean war. We shall soon learn whether the British and other Powers which voted for the American Resolution on Chinese aggression were justified. The choice before the British Government was whether to vote against the Resolution with the probability that it would be pushed through in any case by the United States, carrying with it an immediate threat of sanctions, or whether to vote "yes" in the hope that Britain would be able to continue to play a moderating influence and persuade the United Nations eventually to abandon sanctions altogether. This desirable result is more likely to be achieved if British public opinion against being involved in a war with China reinforces the technical doubts about sanctions that will certainly perplex the experts.

"Co-Decision" in Germany

A Correspondent in Düsseldorf writes: The value of the reaffirmed "rights of co-decision" (*Mitbestimmungsrechte*) which the German trade unions have secured in the coal and steel industries is a matter of much discussion here. Those who argue that these "rights" are likely to prove of little practical value to the German workers, and are in any case a poor substitute for socialisation, must also explain, if they are to justify their position, why in that case the employers should have fought so hard against conceding these rights. For fight the employers did; and it was only when Adenauer was faced with the prospect of a general strike that the employers were over-ruled.

What was being decided in this fight was not, of course, the position of the unions in the steel and coal industries to-day—for "co-decision" was granted by British Military Government four years ago—but labour's position after the West German Government takes over full responsibility for coal and steel. There is little doubt that when that happens the "decartelised" industries will be returned substantially to private ownership; the trade unions, accordingly, have been trying to ensure that "co-decision" shall persist after the employers regain their power. For the time being, they have carried the day. The rights they now enjoy are to be guaranteed by law.

"Co-decision" gives the unions representation on boards of management through a labour manager nominated by themselves, or at least approved by them; it gives them five members of the board of directors, while the employers' side also has five members, these ten men being presided over by a mutually acceptable chairman who may, in principle, be expected to vote either way. What has roused the employers to virulent protest is not the principle of "co-decision"—both sides of German industry have long discussed managerial questions on a factory basis—but the fact that the trade unions have the right to appoint two members to a board of directors from *outside* the ranks of the particular firm's employees.

This right has been attacked by the employers as an attempt by the bosses of the Federation to concentrate power over industry in their own few hands. By the Federation's leaders it is regarded as the culmination of their life's endeavour, and it represents, no doubt, the strong trend to corporate ideas—at the expense of Socialist ideas—which has dominated the German trade unions for many years. Whether it will introduce a healthier economic climate into German heavy industry remains to be seen.

New Ruling on Knoydart

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The case of the Seven Men of Knoydart (NEW STATESMAN & NATION, September 16, 1950) has been again before the Court in Edinburgh. The "raiders," it will be recalled, claimed that the land on which they staked claims was suitable for small holdings: the action they took was to demonstrate not only their own needs but the general need of the Highlands for the development of crofting. An interim interdict was promptly obtained by Lord Brocket, owner of the estate of Knoydart; and a one-man inquiry into the affair which was ordered by Mr. Arthur Woodburn, the then Scottish Secretary, reached the conclusion that Knoydart would be less suitable for crofting than as a development unit "under one direction." The recent hearing in the Court was in connection with the duration of the interim interdict.

Counsel for the men argued that they had had a right to enter upon the land and drive in stakes for the specific purpose of demonstrating to the Secretary of State that public demand for small-holdings existed. For Lord Brocket, counsel retorted that the question was not whether Knoydart was suitable for land settlement but whether people were entitled to stage such a demonstration on private property. Counsel added that, as there had been no undertaking not to repeat the action, he was entitled to aver a continuing threat. Their Lordships ruled that the interdict be continued indefinitely. Lord Patrick observed that, in not tendering an undertaking to hold no further demonstrations, the Seven Men were "contumacious," and the legal arguments put forward on their behalf were described by the Court as "fantastic."

Since the report of the one-man inquiry was accepted by the Secretary of State, there was no longer any chance of persuading the Government to promote small-holdings in Knoydart, and it is doubtful if the security of landlordism in the West Highlands required the added protection which it has now got from the Court. Legalities apart, the social problem remains—a problem seen in its most absurd proportions by those who know the empty glens which are waiting for people who would settle there im-

mediately if there were not continual frustrations. An imaginative scheme of re-colonisation, backed by the Government, would find an astonishing response from thousands of Scots town-dwellers anxious to develop an individual and community life on the land.

"Gang-up" for French Votes

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Pleven Government could fall in the next few days, and it is scarcely worth while at this stage to weigh the pros and cons of the various electoral reform projects on which, M. Pleven hopes, the parties which provide his majority may yet reach a compromise. All the Coalition parties are agreed that the present P.R. system must go, since it is far too favourable to the Communists; but it so happens that the M.R.P. is, paradoxically, in the same boat as the Communists. Thus, the projects under consideration aim, as far as possible, to avoid an M.R.P. defeat, while assuring a defeat of the Communists. One way of getting round the difficulty is for all the Government parties to "gang up" against the C.P., but the question, of course, arises whether such ganging-up can effectively be done without the Gaullists being included in the "gang." Some would like to see an unequal two-party system develop—one being the Communists, the other being all anti-Communists. But although in all Parties, even among the Socialists, there are many who would, at heart, like such a system, they don't quite see how they could put the thing across in the country! There are, however, others who think that, with the Government parties ganging-up *both* against the C.P. and the Gaullists, the electorate will be tempted to vote for the two extremes.

In a country where the bulk of the working-class votes for the Communists, it is difficult to work up an anti-Communist hysteria, and it would, indeed, be awkward if the "gang-up" only resulted—regardless of C.P. *representation*—in an increased Communist *poll*, as it might well do, since to many voters a Communist is still preferable to so abnormal a creature as say, a Socialist-Gaullist candidate. As it is, in a number of local elections, the Communists have lately shown signs of gaining ground, partly because of growing economic difficulties, and partly because of the firm Communist stand against German rearmament—an issue that may be of real importance in the election. Was the French election one of the reasons which persuaded the Americans not to press the matter for the present?

Meanwhile, the Gaullists have hammered another nail in the coffin of the Fourth Republic and, at the same time, increased the circulation of *Carrefour* by publishing a story which I strongly recommend as the subject for a best-selling thriller. It is the story of what happened to the jewels, worth £220,000, which were taken from the Begum, wife of the Aga Khan, when their car was held up by a gang of armed bandits on August 3, 1949, outside their villa at Cannes, on the Riviera. The story is told by M. Georges Valantin, a high official of the French police, now suspended, in a letter to the Public Prosecutor of the Court of Appeal. Why was M. Valantin suspended? It was, he alleges, because he was much too "nosey," and had tried to conduct the inquiry into the famous jewel robbery according to "orthodox" methods. So much so that, in the eyes of his chief, M. Berteaux, head of the *Sûreté Nationale*, he became a positive nuisance, and had, therefore, to be suspended. As a protest against this step, he has now taken his revenge by turning on M. Berteaux himself.

To the French public, all this has an *affaire Stavisky* flavour with a vengeance.

PARLIAMENT: Guns and Groundnuts

Wednesday.

PERSUADED by the Gallup Poll, the Tories are out to hang the Premier and take his place. In moving an amendment to the Defence White Paper, however, they allowed themselves so much rope that they may instead have succeeded in hanging themselves. Even the anti-Labour Press professed dismay that the times should count for so little—and time for so much—that the Tories were prepared to make National Defence a gallows for the Government. Mr. Churchill, for excuse, took refuge in re-kindling the weary steel quarrel. In his own words, "any serviceable weapon is better than no weapon at all," though this weapon may prove a boomerang.

Clumsy in conception, the Tory attack was equally inept in execution—if the Opposition really wanted to defeat the Government. The motion was so worded that the critics on the Government's own benches could vote against it with a clear conscience and even the Liberals could unite in agreeing upon its rejection.

Tory speeches in support of this odd strategy hit well below the intellect. Mr. Churchill himself now seems afflicted with a kind of logomania. For him nowadays eloquence is confused with adjectival cumulation. Once the master of words, words have now become his master. From the number of hostages he has given recently to electoral fortune, each speech must be a frightening experience to his followers. On Thursday, in Nye Bevan's words, they "looked like a glum and apprehensive crew, seeing their ship going nearer and nearer the rocks, in charge of a captain who appeared to be witnessing the scene with increasing enthusiasm."

By comparison, the Minister of Labour made what was probably one of the best speeches of his life and certainly one of the best of this Parliament. Most Parliamentary speeches are now little more than a recital of facts, expositions of stark situations or excuses for having avoided them. On Thursday, Bevan attempted to relate the problems of the present to the whole philosophic conflict between Communism and democratic Socialism—and succeeded remarkably. If the after-dinner brigade slept at the unaccustomed exercise, at least it was silent; and, when Bevan finished, someone in the gallery clapped.

From a hundred others who would have spoken, a few only were chosen, leaving the remainder with the comfort that, in this Parliament, feet are of as great use as heads in the Division lobby, whence the Government emerged victor by twenty-one votes.

Having fired the big guns in Defence and been defeated, the Tories returned to the attack with groundnuts on Tuesday. The House had already debated the Overseas Development Schemes half a dozen times, and two inquiries had already been held on groundnuts. The Ministers of both the Departments concerned with them—Food and Colonies—had been changed. But *per ardua ad imperium*—the Tories would have yet another inquiry, even if the schemes died of over-investigation in the process. The old ground was raked over, old muck brought again to the surface—but the Government survived yet again the lesser fusilade, this time by seven. In the interests of fair distribution of her favours, the Liberal Party voted this time against the Government. Not even in Lent can self-denying ordinance be carried to the lengths of voting all together twice in the same lobby.

TOM WILLIAMS

West African Democracy

ALMOST exactly three years ago, in the Gold Coast, 29 people were killed and 237 injured during a social upheaval which became known officially as the "Disturbances." At another time in history, and under a Tory Government, upheaval and repression alike might have gone unnoticed and even unrecorded in the Mother Country. But the Labour Government was pledged to aid the peoples of West Africa towards self-government; and even had the Government not been so pledged, the relaxed imperial grip could scarcely have suffered such a shaking without wishing to prevent this, if possible, from occurring again. There were present, furthermore, new signs and portents. Six months before the "Disturbances" broke out, radical and nationalist Africans of the Gold Coast had founded the United Gold Coast Convention; its leaders, well known for their work against colonialism, were Danquah and Grant, and its secretary, appointed the following December and destined to become still better known, was a formidable organiser called Kwame Nkrumah.

Assembled while the violence and the shooting were still going on, a working committee of the Convention sent Mr. Creech Jones, then Secretary of State, a telegram which claimed to speak "in the name of oppressed, inarticulate, misruled, and misgoverned people and their Chiefs," and asked that a Special Commissioner be "sent out immediately to hand over Government to interim Government of Chiefs and people and to witness immediate calling of Constituent assembly. . . ." In the sequel they got, it is true, not a Special Commissioner but a Commission of Enquiry; but the Commission, taking its courage in both hands and reading the good plain script that stood upon the wall, recommended constitutional reform at all administrative levels.

This was the recommendation, momentous as it proved, which gave rise to the all-African committee that was presided over with such distinction by Mr. Justice Coussey. It is important to note that the Coussey Committee was for the most part nominated by the Governor of the Gold Coast and excluded men like Kwame Nkrumah, who were regarded as dangerously extremist: the Committee was moderate, even rather conservative. Even so, it made recommendations for constitutional reform which would have seemed subversive and revolutionary no more than a few years earlier, and, in doing so, it rejected the British official view that the people of the Gold Coast were not yet ready to govern themselves. It departed radically from the chosen path of Whitehall by recommending that African Ministers should not only sit on the Executive Council (hitherto the sacrosanct preserve of nominated White officials) but should be responsible to the Legislature which had chosen them; this Legislature, again in contrast to colonial tradition, should be composed mainly of democratically elected representatives of the people. In making these recommendations—which were certainly stimulated by the Dis-

turbances—the Coussey Committee joined the many critics of the Burns Constitution of 1946. What was needed, these Africans affirmed, was not simply the shadow of self-government, but the substance as well; and it was needed not in the future but now.

Faced with the certainty that the concessions to self-government made in 1946 were not enough, and that the 1946 Constitution would prove workable only with the use of police repression and prisons stuffed with recalcitrant Africans, the British Government accepted most of the Coussey proposals. The recommendation that African Ministers in the Executive Council should be responsible to the Legislature was, however, not accepted; the Legislature, accordingly, was to remain purely advisory in status, while the Ministers themselves were to have little real power. All too plainly, the Legislature was to be a talking-shop where politically exalted Gold Coasters might let off steam without much harm. For this reason, and also because the grant of Dominion status to the colony was evidently as far off as ever, Kwame Nkrumah—by now in gaol on various charges of promoting disorder—opposed the new dispensation. The Governor and his advisers, still apparently sure that the Gold Coast could not provide the men that were needed to make self-government workable—but, as many suspected, by no means displeased with this deficiency—carried through the necessary changes. Elections were held this month; and the Convention People's Party, though only about two years old and deprived of its organising brains during the period of electoral preparation, forthwith emerged as by far the strongest political grouping in the Gold Coast. Kwame Nkrumah was at once released from gaol in order to enable him to try to form a Government. In a remarkably skilful statement, Nkrumah said last week that he regarded the new dispensation as "bogus and fraudulent"—since it withheld real power and democratic representation from the people of the colony—but would work it "as a stepping stone" to genuine self-government and Dominion status.

In human terms alone, this result should give one pause. Observers have described the frantic enthusiasm with which the Convention People's Party has worked for its success; anyone who knows anything of political organisation will recognise that a great deal more went towards this success than mere enthusiasm. In their first great exercise in democracy, the people of the Gold Coast—these "backward Africans" who "behave like children" and have "no notion of modern technique"—have shown themselves capable of organising and eliciting votes by spoken and written persuasion. Their achievement will surely be marked, studied, and acted upon by all the peoples of the colonial world; it will be noted above all, no doubt, in neighbouring Nigeria and Sierra Leone, where constitutional reform is also under way. It will be noted also in the White settler colonies of Central and East Africa, where there has been little, if any, genuine improvement in the status of the native peoples during the present Government's period of office. For the African peoples this event in the Gold Coast will be as enthusing and encouraging as the Nationalist advent to power in South Africa must seem depressing and disastrous.

Whatever success or failure the Convention People's Party under Nkrumah's leadership in the Gold Coast may achieve or suffer in the next year or so, this is certainly the time for some long-range stock-taking in British colonial policy. Whitehall, usually obsessed by fear of anyone going too fast, must recognise that in Africa, as in Asia, it is better to give willingly what will otherwise be taken or must later be conceded. A better understanding of the pace at which colonial peoples can and do develop, once they are awakened—and the Indian example should have helped—would have included in the Gold Coast and Nigeria Constitutions of 1946 and 1947 the reforms which were to spring from the "Disturbances" of 1947 and 1948. Officials have repeatedly under-estimated this pace of African development, even when—in clear distinction to the international capitalist interests so firmly entrenched in West Africa—they have cultivated a benevolent attitude towards African aspirations.

Social changes now present or potential among the colonial peoples of Africa impose an adjustment in official thinking. Much more than that, they impose—or will shortly impose—an adjustment in the whole politico-economic structure of the colonial empire. The exploitation of African territories for the primary benefit of the Western Powers, whether colony-owning or not, is incompatible with any real advance to self-government. If African development is to be promoted towards making Africa the means of saving the capitalist system of the Western World, then this development will be feared and resisted by every enlightened African. The primary aim of African development—in which co-operative enterprises should play a large part—must be to raise African standards of consumption and physical well-being. The Western Powers can no longer treat Africa simply as a cornucopia of cheap raw materials. With rearmament causing inflation of prices, it is of prime importance to ensure that West Africa, for instance, is given its fair share both of capital and consumers' goods to balance the cocoa and other products exported from the territory. The goodwill and co-operation of the African peoples are prizes which the Western World will reject and devalue at its peril. They will be given, we may be sure, only in the measure that the Powers abandon their time-dishonoured procedure of taking from Africa far more than they give back. The challenge to the Labour Government is the old challenge of Socialism: such potent changes as are now required in colonial policy are of a kind that turn their back resolutely and bravely on the past.

The Moral of West Bristol

VERY naturally Transport House is anxious to push the West Bristol by-election into oblivion. But I do not think it should be permitted to do so. First let me put down the facts about the by-election so far as I have been able to piece them together. Of the six city constituencies West Bristol is the only cast-iron Tory seat, and Socialists ready to fight this sort of hopeless contest are not too easy to find. Last summer, however, the constituency party discovered two possible candidates and there was little doubt among the delegates that of the two, Mr. Lawrance, a railway clerk with the backing of the R.C.A., was the more suitable. He was a conscientious objector during the war; but despite his pacifist views, which were well known to the Western regional organiser who attended the Selection Conference on behalf of Transport House, he was adopted and duly endorsed by the National Executive. Presumably it was assumed that a pacifist fighting a hopeless seat in a general election would hardly be likely to hit the headlines! Then came Sir Stafford Cripps's retirement and the by-election in South-East Bristol, a solid Labour seat. It was only too obvious that the meetings here were badly attended, the enthusiasm was small and the Labour poll very unsatisfactory. In these circumstances, when Oliver Stanley died and a by-election fell due in West Bristol, it was felt by many that the course of wisdom would be to permit Sir Walter Monckton to be returned unopposed. This view, reinforced by the known pacifism of Mr. Lawrance, was put to Transport House. But without avail. The constituency party was told that the election had to be fought.

A few days after the campaign had begun came the announcement from Downing Street that the Prime Minister was refusing to send the usual letter of support to the Labour candidate. It is anyone's guess precisely why Mr. Attlee and the election sub-committee of the National Executive of the Labour Party came to this decision. What is certain is that the *Daily Mail* had carried a front-page story about Mr. Lawrance's pacifism and two American agencies cabled their version of the facts to the U.S. However that may be, the effect of Mr. Attlee's statement was immediate and drastic. The *Daily Herald* at once recalled its special correspondent from Bristol; and Transport House refused to find replacements for the only two Labour Members of Parliament who "loyally" cancelled their engagements to speak for the official Labour candidate. In Bristol itself the effect, of course, was catastrophic. The constituency party struggled on manfully. Mr. Lawrance at once gave an assurance that, if elected, he would accept the majority decision of the Parliamentary Party and vote for the Government's Defence plans; and the Labour organisers continued to run the campaign on strictly orthodox party lines. In particular, they failed to respond to the offers of pacifist support, which came from all over the country, since they felt that a campaign conducted on these lines would soon become an attack on the Government. In the rest of the city a del-

icate conflict of loyalties arose. The Borough party, which had already pledged support to Mr. Lawrance, was split and so were the Councillors and the sitting M.P.s. Which was the path of loyalty—to try to get as many votes as possible for the official Labour candidate, or to believe that he was a fellow-traveller and join the Prime Minister in sending him to Coventry? The only surprising thing is that in such circumstances over five thousand of the people of Bristol should have voted Labour.

There the story of West Bristol ends for the present. But that end is the beginning of something much bigger. The decision, taken hurriedly, and on obvious grounds of expediency in London, is bound to raise the whole issue of the status of pacifism inside the Labour Party.

Let us start with one practical problem. In future every constituency party at a selection conference will have to bear in mind the West Bristol precedent. It will know that, even if a pacifist candidate has been fully endorsed by the National Executive, this will not ensure his support when the campaign begins; and this knowledge will not increase the chances of any pacifist on a short list. Mr. Attlee's action constitutes a *de facto* discrimination against pacifists who seek election to Parliament as Labour candidates. It will be interesting to see if it is followed, as it logically should be, by a decision of the National Executive to refuse endorsement to all pacifist candidates, including those who are already Members of Parliament. If it is not, the National Executive will reach the ironical conclusion that pacifists, who have a chance of winning at a general election, are to be approved, whereas those who are fighting a safe Tory seat in a by-election are to be confronted not only with the Tory Party machine but with active Labour opposition.

The Labour Party, and in particular the Parliamentary Labour Party, has always been proud of the "conscience clause" which expressly frees the conscientious objector from Party discipline if he goes against the Whip on an issue of peace and war or of compulsory military service. Up till now those Socialists who have conscientiously opposed pacifism have always accepted the pacifist as a colleague and respected his point of view. The response of the pacifist Members of Parliament to this toleration has been remarkable. They have shown far more readiness to abide by the decisions of the majority, even when they were regarded as misguided, than some of their more aggressive colleagues on the Left. Nobody has questioned the loyalty or Socialist sincerity of men like James Hudson and Emrys Hughes, and that is why there has been no talk of their expulsion from the Party along with the fellow-travellers. Is this spirit of toleration now to be killed? And if it is not, how can the treatment of Mr. Lawrance be defended?

I can only hope that the Prime Minister and the National Executive will realise that they made a grave mistake in their handling of the West Bristol by-election. How grave, can be seen if we imagine that Mr. Attlee had decided to write in support of Mr. Lawrance a letter along these lines:

Dear Lawrance,

. . . I wish you every success in your fight. You realise of course that the Government cannot accept the pacifist position to-day any more than the Labour Party accepted it in the 1930s, when George Lansbury had to retire from the leadership because of his disagreement with the vast majority of his colleagues on the issue of sanctions against Italy. It was, indeed, through his retirement that I became leader of the Party. But since then we have been faithful to the tradition of the Party, and welcomed pacifists in the Parliamentary Party. I should like to say that their idealism and loyal team work have contributed something really valuable to our councils, and I am proud that, whereas a Tory pacifist is a contradiction in terms, our Labour Party has always found room for a pacifist minority whose ideals it reveres even if their application to-day seems impracticable to most of us. In the struggle to save peace and freedom and to make possible the pacification of the tensions between the Great Powers, the Labour Government in Britain is playing a vital role. And the fact that, at this juncture, the Labour Party is not ashamed of its pacifist past or afraid to support your candidature is the best proof that the armed strength we are now determined to build will be used not for aggressive war but to save the peace.

I fancy that such a letter, signed by Mr. Attlee, would have inspired not only the Labour Party supporters struggling against hopeless odds in West Bristol but the whole Labour Movement.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

DURING the debate last week, Mr. Churchill made the extraordinary demand that the Government should disclose his war-time agreement with Roosevelt. Nothing could more obviously be likely to aggravate Anglo-U.S. relations. This agreement, initialled by Roosevelt and Churchill at Quebec, arranged for the transfer to the States of the British atomic research and development work. It was a gentleman's agreement in which Churchill was more concerned with the spirit than with the letter. But, immediately, the U.S. military security "moved in." British scientists were barred from large sectors of the Manhattan Project, especially the development of plutonium, and Britain and Canada had to set up a parallel programme in Montreal. This group was supposed to be exchanging information with the plutonium research group in Chicago but, as a Canadian scientist disclosed, it was a one-way traffic: Britain got nothing back. This and other aspects led to a bitter exchange between Churchill and the White House, and (as Robert Sherwood shows in *The White House Papers*) Churchill got little satisfaction. At the end of the war, it was even suggested that the agreement reserved to America the technological development for peace-time purposes, and one can the more sympathise with Attlee's exasperation with Churchill last week, because this was one of the "sore points" on which he and MacKenzie King had to struggle in the Washington Agreement of 1945.

* * *

A recent article by Richard H. Rovere in the *New Yorker*, written the day after the vote branding China as an aggressor, describes the state of mind of U.N. delegates who eventually supported the American resolution. Not more than six of the forty-four delegations, he says, "even pretended to believe that any good would come of what they were doing." In the minds of most delegates, Rovere reports . . .

> there is an underlying fear . . . that, despite all the reassurances from President Truman and Ambassador Austin, the drift of American foreign policy to-day is towards war with China. This fear, which can easily be nourished on a light diet of the *Congressional Record*, has rarely been expressed in any of the open conferences, but it has been privately acknowledged by many delegates as the basic reason for the reluctance of their Governments to follow the American lead. . . . Yesterday's vote is considered a tribute not to the vigour of our diplomacy or to its moral soundness, but to the goodies our industries provide and to the realisation that while it may be hard at times to get along with the United States, it would be even harder to get along without her.

Rovere adds that Mr. Acheson, under Congressional pressure, has been worked into a position in which "it would be exceedingly difficult for him to conduct negotiations with Peking even if Peking should give him the opportunity."

* * *

Two years ago an article appeared in this journal asking "Who killed the King?" The King in question was the King of Siam, who was found with a bullet through his forehead in bed one fine morning. Out of quite a number of possible explanations the Siamese Government chose, I should say, the least probable. The official theory is that Pridi, the democratic dictator, who was on the Allied side during the war, was responsible for the King's death. Pridi and a friend, who is accused of firing the gun, have been in exile ever since, though Pridi himself is known to have taken part in the abortive rising that took place last year. In the absence of Pridi himself a protracted trial of three supposed accomplices after the fact has been carried out, primarily for propaganda purposes. Two of the King's pages, who were on duty during the night of the murder, and an ex-secretary of the King are on trial; during the last eighteen months some 230 witnesses have been heard against them. None of the witnesses could possibly provide any direct evidence. I hear now that some four or five witnesses for the defence are to be called; they will include some of the best and most reliable people in Siam.

* * *

According to report, the victims of a recent political trial in Budapest include Anna Kethley, one of the finest, best beloved of European Socialists. Many of us last saw her in England in 1948. I was in Budapest a few months later and found that she was living in complete seclusion in her own house. I left a message saying I would be happy to see her, and received a sad but friendly reply intimating that she thought it was wiser to see no one from abroad. I gave a public lecture, aimed at emphasising the importance of civil liberty in an economic democracy, and had a long talk with Rakosi, the Prime Minister, for whose liberation from jail many of us worked during the war. He boasted that the dictatorship used no more force than was necessary, and that, for all but counter-revolutionaries, Hungary was a free country.

Certainly, the dictatorship still wore velvet gloves, as a British official in Budapest said to me. "Anna Kethley"? I asked. Rakosi explained (as I knew to be true) that she had been given a chance to leave the country and that she was at liberty to leave her house if she wished. Her record was good beyond argument; Rakosi had no word to say against her except that, as he put it, she had played "silly politics" in refusing to work with the Communists. Now, in Hungary as elsewhere in Eastern Europe, the Cominform has struck. We know that Anna Kethley was arrested a few months ago; it is now reported—though I can get no confirmation—that she has been sent to prison for 15 years for "espionage."

* * *

Is a municipal authority justified in setting itself up as a political censor? The question is urgent in the case of Lewisham, which refused the use of the Ladywell Baths last Monday for a meeting of the Peace with China Council, which was to be addressed by such responsible and well-known Labour stalwarts as Lady Parmoor and Reginald Sorensen, M.P. The organisers applied in the normal way to the Baths' Superintendent, who referred the application to the Baths' Committee of the Borough Council. This Committee rejected it. The organisers appealed to the Mayor, giving him information about the origins and aims of their group. Two subsequent sessions of the Baths' Committee, the last on Saturday morning, reaffirmed the refusal to let the hall, and the meeting had to be called off at the last minute. When I talked to the Town Clerk this week, he refused to give any reason for the Committee's decision, adding that it was not obliged to give any explanation. Since no breach of the peace, or damage to the hall, could be expected at a Peace With China meeting, I am forced to conclude that the Committee's motives were political. Do we have to start all over again the free speech fight that the Labour pioneers thought they had won when they went to jail for right to speak in municipal parks?

* * *

One of the most persuasive opponents of German rearmament is Dr. Martin Niemöller. In his recent pamphlet, *To Arms? No!* he argued that "if Germany were to put an army at the disposal of the West it would not maintain the peace through this action but provoke war, because armed strength is not a static force but a dynamic force which demands to be used." Since remilitarisation would mean civil war in Germany, Niemöller argues that Germany "should not attempt to gain new rights of sovereignty in return for supplying troops." This Friday (February 23) we shall have the chance to hear Niemöller's first post-war speech in Britain, in the Kingsway Hall at 7.30. The meeting, organised by the Union of Democratic Control, will be presided over by Lord Stansgate.

* * *

What a sequel to *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* we might have had if Chesterton had lived to see each Borough given its own "Army" to stimulate morale and recruiting! So local patriotism still lives. Steady, the Finchley Fencibles! Forward, the Deptford Dragoons! I can see the Bermondsey Bombardiers marching bravely down Tooley Street to the sound of that stirring march, "The Tower Bridge for Ever." Perhaps the Southwark Sharpshooters will dispute the right of the Lewisham Life-guards to call themselves "Lord Festival's Own." Hampstead might feel itself threatened by the need of St. Pancras for *Lebensraum* on Parliament Hill. Personally, I am ready to lead the villagers of Charing Cross in revolt against the Westminster City Council if it presses forward with its campaign against the roosting starlings. Perhaps it proposes to employ its "private" Army in ringing bells, setting off fireworks and cracking whips to scare away the swarms of birds which, each day at dusk, seem to bring the open fields right to the banks of the Thames.

CRITIC

CO-DEMOCRACY SPHERE

"America's hint that no Peace Conference may be necessary has not been very well received by the other countries of the Far East Commission."—*Manchester Guardian* (February 6).

In a shady Tokyo garden,
With a censor at the gates,
Miss Japan receives her pardon
From the envoy of the States.
With smiles and bows she softly vows
Democracy sincere,
And hand in hand a pact is planned
For a co-democracy sphere.
A mutual-aiding, dollar-trading, co-democracy sphere.

Miss Japan's re-education
Has shown her pretty smart,
Her Americanisation
Has won the Yankee's heart,
And as they talk in the shady walk
He whispers in her ear,
Co-enterprise means closer ties
In the co-democracy sphere,
A co-possessive, co-progressive, co-democracy sphere.

An honourable Treaty
Will map the China seas,
If the honourable sweetie
Will brush off Red Chinese;
She must not look at a goddam gook,
He tells his floosie dear,
And the big boy friend the dough will lend
For the co-democracy sphere,
An English-speaking, anti-Peking, co-democracy sphere.

This tender proposition,
Discussed in terms discreet,
The whole Far East Commission
Consider incomplete—
The *tête-à-tête* by the garden gate
They chance to overhear,
And claim to share with the loving pair
The co-democracy sphere,
An U.S.-Asian-Australasian-British Commonwealth sphere.

Far East Commission offers
Are spurned by Miss Japan,
For Wall Street fills her coffers,
And she has got her man.
This venture new is meant for two
And none must interfere
In the co-extensive, co-defensive, co-exporting, self-supporting, co-democracy sphere.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

THE BEST IDEA FOR THE FESTIVAL YEAR—A TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA.—Advert in *The Listener*. (Ruth Jones.)

While Mr. —— butcher's shop in Sunderland was full of customers yesterday, a middle-aged woman, not registered with him, walked in, pulled out a large knife and hacked a pound of meat off a carcase by the door. She dropped it into her shopping bag and walked off.

"I know the meat ration is tiny, but I object to people augmenting it like this," said Mr. ——. —*Daily Mail*. (P. L. Whiddon.)

Chief hangman Albert Pierrepoint met trouble only once in all the hundreds of executions he carried out, and that was with a spy. "He was not an Englishman," Pierrepoint said.—*Daily Herald*. (Charles M. Marchinton.)

In 1939, Mr. Coleby had a special coffin made for him at a competitive price. It was shaped like a fish and he paid for it out of his old age pension money.—*Western Morning News*. (Norman Bunney.)

Life in Broadmoor

A DELICATE verbal awareness in social welfare legislation has changed many names—pauper, workhouse, asylum, lunatic, and so on. Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum has recently entered upon a new nominal phase as Broadmoor Institution; and under the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, a proportion of "Broadmoor patients" will eventually be sent to "His Majesty's State Hospitals" in any part of the country, so that the original meaning of Broadmoor will become as obsolete as that of Borstal.

But at the moment there is only one Broadmoor. If you have never seen it you may have been led by various accounts, as I was, to picture it as a gracious country mansion providing, in tastefully decorated rooms, club-houses, and spacious grounds, a home of patrician comfort which the inmates are allowed to supplement unrestrictedly with privately purchased amenities. You will have read how Ronald True had unofficially taken over the administration from a grateful staff of nurses, and you may have gathered that the nurses hover respectfully on the outer fringe of a social life at the Institution which their humbler cultural equipment prevents them from sharing.

It is otherwise. The typical Broadmoor patient is not the socialite of the occasional *cause célèbre*, but a product of the poorer classes and the harder walks of life. Broadmoor itself could be any prison, seen from the road up from Crowthorne Station; aggressively plain in design and starkly true to its original function of keeping dangerous people locked up. Its situation alone is beautiful—the highest inhabited point in Berkshire, with 20-mile views across that lovely county on clear days.

There are nine blocks of buildings, accommodating in all about 700 men and 200 women. Each block has an exercise ground isolated by high walls. The first block is "reception," where for a few months each new arrival lives a mainly cellular life under the close observation

necessary to detect suicidal tendencies, fundamental defects of physical health, and the likelihood of response to mental treatment.

Once you have grasped the idea that you are not, after all, going to look round a vast country club, you begin to accustom yourself to the reality of Broadmoor. In my case the process was assisted, as I walked with Dr. J. S. Hopwood, the Medical Superintendent, through the kitchens and "day-rooms" where the reception block patients were for the time being out of their cells, by a growing awareness that we were accompanied by two stalwart male nurses who, by discreet manoeuvring, kept watchfully within about eighteen inches of us. It is at about this moment that you begin to notice certain differences from prison conditions. The mattresses are hair-filled, not stuffed with flock or coir. There is an admirable dry-goods canteen, run by an outside contractor but staffed by patients, and stocked with foodstuffs that do not find their way into prisons. (Broadmoor patients can buy more or less what they like—either from the canteens or by ordering from outside—if they have any money. They can earn a little, and they can have any amount sent in by friends.) There is an atmosphere of rather institutional, rough-and-ready tea-making. And in the corridors and day-rooms there is smoking.

Many of the patients emerge from "reception" stage into unrestricted association and sleep in dormitories with a dozen or more others. They begin, as a rule, by regarding dormitory sleeping as an improvement in status; but its disadvantages have to be considered in relation to the fact that most Broadmoor patients are detained for life. For many of them, therefore, the longing for privacy reasserts itself; and they discover, with unfailing resourcefulness, that the occasional difficulties hampering the allocation of single rooms can be overcome by persistent snoring in the dormitory.

In the blocks occupied by established patients who have "settled down," I found that Dr. Hopwood and I were no longer escorted. And here the single rooms were in most cases neat, well-lighted, and comfortable, many of them having curtains, pictures, and radio sets. The day-rooms in these blocks are large (say tennis-court size) and well-furnished, with panelled walls, rugs, radio, books, and large numbers of periodicals.

The number of library books runs into thousands (but there is a large replacement rate and the library can always do with more). They circulate through the nine blocks in large monthly batches, and a patient who wants a particular book is expected, as a general rule, to avail himself of it when it comes round. Many worn books are re-bound by patients at a book-binding bench.

"Most of them want thrillers," Dr. Hopwood told me; "detective stories and so on. Biography is fairly popular. Patients can send out to W. H. Smith's or elsewhere for books or periodicals they want to buy."

I supposed there was a censorship?

"You could call it that," said Dr. Hopwood. "It's best not to have too much sex-ridden stuff about; a proportion of these people are sex-offenders anyway. I'm bound to watch that, for treatment reasons, but I don't object to much else."

A quick glance along the shelves confirmed an impression of innocuousness, but most of the books looked well-thumbed. There is no attempt to prescribe periodicals, which ranged from *Illustrated* to *The Times Literary Supplement*. All the national dailies were there, and a few locals which, I assumed, had been sent in by friends and relatives.

Billiards rooms are provided, with full-sized tables in seemingly perfect condition. The ones I saw were in full use, each set of players watched by the inevitable group of spectators defraying the tedium of awaiting their turn by jocose encouragement and guileful advice; though I noticed sadly that in Broadmoor, as in the world outside, billiards itself is less popular than the wretchedly inferior game of snooker. Other men played cards or dominoes or wrote letters, and through the windows I saw yet others "exercising" outside on the gravel walks, some of them striding up and down with a strangely purposeful aimlessness, ignoring each other.

Why were all these men not at work—it was four o'clock in the afternoon? I was to see many others at work, but all Broadmoor work is voluntary. Most of them are there for life, so there is no question of earning or losing "remission" marks. They are there, moreover, for cure if possible and not for punishment; you cannot to-day punish people of unsound mind when they disregard your wishes or admonitions. Even the former "restraints" for violent patients have disappeared—the strait-jacket, the padded cell, and so on. In particular, there are no dietary punishments. It is occasionally necessary to remove a violent patient for a time to what is called "the confused ward".

The majority do a fair working day, and there is plenty to be done. Broadmoor's 400 acres of rich Berkshire land contain a farm which produces all the milk and most of the vegetables needed. There are bowling greens and games pitches to be maintained, shrubs, flower-beds and allotments to be tended. The kitchens are superbly equipped with gas and electrical cooking and mixing equipment—mighty gas ovens whose insides pull out on tramlines, flour-sifters and dough-kneading machines like massive tympani, electrical potato-peelers that whirl hundreds of potatoes out of their skins—"without, of course," said Dr. Hopwood apologetically, "actually removing the eyes." The laundry lacks nothing in up-to-date machinery. The tailoring room is equipped with electrical sewing machines, and here I saw men, who had been taught in the Institution, making uniforms to measure for the nursing staff. Electricity drives the lathes and stitching machines in the shoe-making room, where, however, men were also making hand-sewn boots and shoes of first-class workmanship. An entirely manual department is the mattress shop, where horsehair mattresses are made, repaired, or unpicked for sterilisation; and another is the carpenter's shop, in which, though the space and equipment are far less impressive than, for example, at Maidstone Prison, much useful small-scale work is done by men who are confidently entrusted with the necessary tools. (All tools, however, are numbered and carefully checked in at the end of each working period.) Some superb wood-carving in the Church of England chapel—altar, choir stalls, and pulpit—is the work of former patients.

The staff are not prison officers. They wear a similar uniform and belong to the Prison Officers' Association, but they come under the Minister of Health, not the Prison Commissioners. (Broadmoor is now vested in the Minister and managed for him by the Board of Control.) They begin as student nurses at £270 a year (regardless of sex), with deductions of 3 per cent for pension, £25 for accommodation, and £100 for board and uniform. If, after two years, they pass the State examinations in mental nursing, they become staff nurses at £385, with similar deductions. You may judge from these figures that they are men and women with a vocation. You would be convinced of it if you could observe their perceptive and human relationships with the patients, the great majority of whom are murderers.

C. H. Rolph

(To be concluded).

Morocco's Reaction

(By a Correspondent.)

Morocco's liberation from foreign rule, when the story comes to be written, will provide a classic textbook example of the technique employed by a weakening Western Power to retain its hold on a resentful people. Here is the "pure" colonial-imperial relationship. A powerful nationalist party has spread out from towns, mines and factories down to the villages and, in a simplified form, to the mountainous regions of the Atlas. A highly centralised foreign administration, heavily weighted with police and security forces, has inevitably established a form of dictatorship whose head, a military man of course, has finally extinguished whatever remaining civil liberties did exist. In Morocco, too, you find the facade of feudal reaction (in this case it does not include the Sultan) supported by the foreign administration and ready to join the foreign colonists and capitalists against the nationalists.

In brief, that is the plot of the Franco-Moroccan drama in its present phase. It is only necessary to cast the actors. General Juin fits his part perfectly: he was sent to "correct" the Sultan, who in 1947 had gone to Tangier and made his first free speech. Since then, Juin has ruled from the Residency in Rabat as if his mission in Morocco were to reconquer it, this time, from the nationalists and from the Sultan. Sidi Mohammed V, despite all that the French did to make him into a sort of Moroccan Bao Dai is now out to become a constitutional monarch "on the British model" with a democratically elected government, and he told the French Government so in Paris last autumn. The feudal reaction consists of a handful of ageing landlords and Pashas who, in return for their

"loyalty" to the French, are permitted to retain their old privileges and ruthlessly to exploit the peasants and tribesmen in their power. Chief of these medieval characters is the notorious Haj Thami el Glawi, Pasha of Marrakesh, whose autocratic oppression of his own people is only equalled by the feudal splendours of the entertainments which he provides for his guests. Last December Glawi set forth to try his strength with the Sultan in Rabat. Though he could not have foreseen it, this action roused a storm that swept throughout North Africa, agitated Whitehall and Washington as well as Paris, and did the one thing that Juin least desired. It roused a large section of the non-Communist French solidly against him, and made a number of foreign newspapers who had been faithfully reproducing Quai D'Orsay handouts look ridiculous.

Hurriedly, General Juin rearranged his forces. He had been worried about the way nationalist propaganda had been penetrating steadily down into the countryside and tribal regions and he had requested Glawi to complain to the Sultan about it. The 70-year-old Glawi, who had himself become a little worried at the sight of nationalist tendencies spreading among his people and had actually arrested several Istiqlal (Independence) Party members, went obediently to the Palace and complained. The Sultan listened coldly, then questioned the Pasha concerning the arrested nationalists. At this point the flustered Glawi lost his head and cried: "You are not the Sultan of Morocco; you are the Sultan of Istiqlal and you are bringing the Empire to ruin." The Pasha was then dismissed from the Palace.

A few days later the Palace issued a statement accusing Glawi of disrespectful behaviour and of seeking to demand from the Sultan an assurance that people who brought complaints against Glawi's rule should not be listened to in Rabat but sent back to Glawi for treatment! The Pasha had claimed to speak in the name of those who stood for traditions and religious principles, but he could not claim to represent these things (a reference to Glawi's exuberant private life) and therefore he would not be admitted to the Palace until further notice. The statement ended with an assurance that the Sultan would continue to stand, outside all party influence, for the respect of the law and spiritual values of Islam.

On the same day, Juin issued a series of Residential decrees excluding from the Grand Conseil (a purely consultative body which debates the Budget but has no legislative powers) the two Moroccan members who had criticised French policy in the December session. These two men, Mohammed Lyazidi and Mohammed Laghzaoui, President and Vice-President of the Fez Chamber of Commerce and Agriculture, had prepared detailed reports showing how French economic and social policy in Morocco had resulted in serious race discrimination so that the "needs of the European population take precedence over the urgent and basic needs of the Moroccan population." They drew attention to the enormous expense of administration, which absorbs 80.2 per cent. of the ordinary budget, the existence in a nine million population of 14,000 policemen and only 200 doctors, and the fact that some 60,000 European children are being educated at the expense of the Moroccan budget and at a cost of 35,000 francs each annually, while 1,500,000 Moroccan children have no schools available and the amount allotted to those in school is F.16,000 per head. Tens of thousands of foreigners have been allowed to emigrate to Morocco since 1941 and have been found housing accommodation, while around Casablanca alone more than 200,000 Moroccans live in the wretched squalor of the *bidonvilles*. Lyazidi and Laghzaoui argued that "this form of economic development is deliberately designed . . . to strengthen the domination of the European colonists. Faced with such a situation we cannot help feeling a certain anxiety as to our future as a nation." General Juin listened to one of these reports, but on the day that the Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce rose to read his, the General jumped angrily from his seat and ordered that the report should not be read in the Conseil: he further commanded Mr. Laghzaoui to leave the Council Chamber. At this the nationalist members rose and walked out in a body. In addition to the expulsion orders against Lyazidi and Laghzaoui, the General has now passed temporary suspension orders on all the others who walked out. Thus the one small platform for voicing public opinion in Morocco has been closed to the nationalists.

Shortly after this a rumour began to circulate in Rabat and Paris that, in view of the Sultan's nationalistic stand, the French were considering the possibility of deposing him in favour of one of his younger sons, while el Glawi would rule as Regent! However, this time the General went a little too far. When *Franc-Tireur* heard of it, it published a slashing attack on the idea, on Juin and on Glawi. *L'Aurore* and *L'Aube* also criticised it, with the result that all three newspapers were banned in Morocco. On January 13, at a M.R.P. meeting, Schuman said that local governments were to be set up in both Tunisia and Morocco. This news, however, was censored out of the leading Arabic daily of Morocco—*Al Alam* of Rabat—so that thousands of Moroccans do not yet know that the Foreign Minister of France ever uttered them. This, the latest act of Juin's censorship, was sharply attacked in the French papers of the Left and M.R.P., while *Franc-Tireur* warned that grave troubles were to be expected if the French administration in Morocco pursued this policy of repression.

When the Sultan visited France last autumn he asked for a revision of the 1912 Treaty, whereby France exercises her Protectorate over Morocco, plus certain immediate reforms such as the establishment of trade unions for Moroccan workers (at the moment such unions are specifically forbidden) and the abolition of the censorship. Juin is bitterly opposed to the formation of unions. He fears, with reason, that they will become a further weapon in the nationalist struggle. He maintains the most rigid censorship in the Western world because as a military man he distrusts the press: in addition to 100 per cent. pre-censorship of all copy, he maintains an enormous Index of books, magazines and papers in Arabic and French which can never enter Morocco. Certain British writers and correspondents are also on a black list.

By his attempt to use the forces of feudal reaction as a weapon against the Sultan and the nationalists, Juin has only succeeded in tearing down the facade behind which the French administration and the colonists—aided economically by E.C.A., and American private capitalists—have been steadily creating one of those intolerable situations in which the mass of the people can only seek relief in open revolt. The attempt to discredit the Sultan has failed; the attempt to create a Moroccan Bao Dai has also failed: in Morocco even the traditional Muslim Council of Uvlemas, who, strictly speaking, are those who elect the Sultan, have condemned Glawi's action with regard to the Sultan and ruled him out as a defender of the "religious and traditional beliefs of the country." Morocco marches towards crisis.

So They Say . . .

THE exchange of felicitations between Mr. Stalin and the Foreign Office over the week-end appealed to the headline writers of the national press in several quite different ways. First, the stiff interpretation:—

Daily Mail: STALIN ATTACKS ATTLEE: "HE FAVOURS WAR."

Daily Herald: VIOLENT STALIN ATTACK ON ATTLEE.

Others stressed the hopeful aspect of the *Pravda* interview. For example—

Daily Mirror: STALIN: "WAR NOT INEVITABLE."

Yet another oddly assorted group ran more elaborately descriptive headlines:—

The Times: MR. STALIN'S REPLY TO ATTLEE ON ARMAMENTS; UNITED NATIONS CRITICISED AS AMERICAN INSTRUMENT.

Manchester Guardian: RUSSIA AND U.N.; "AN AMERICAN ORGANISATION."

Daily Worker: STALIN REPLIES TO ATTLEE; GIVES FACTS OF RUSSIA'S DEMOBBING.

The Foreign Office reply was front page news in all the Sunday papers (except the *Sunday Graphic*, which began with PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE TRUE MALTA STORY). Treatment varied from a huge splash in the *Sunday Express* (WHAT THE WORLD THOUGHT LAST NIGHT OF STALIN'S ANSWERS) to the terse headline and brief story in the *People:* BRITAIN HITS OUT AT STALIN.

Editorial comment since then has mainly concerned itself with Mr. Stalin's motives. The *Sunday Express* and *Reynold's News*, the only two Sunday papers to comment, snatched at the few straws held out. "Soviet Communism is not like Fascism," said *Reynolds*. "Stalin's statement has closed no doors. It shows that there is still common ground between us. . . ." "All right does not lie on one side, or all wrong on the other," said the *Express*. "It should be our statesmen's duty to restore personal contact with the rulers of Russia."

On Monday the *Manchester Guardian* suggested that "it may be that . . . the Russians actually intend their abuse to be an encouragement of negotiations . . . stranger things have happened." The *Daily Herald* deduced an opposite motive: "Is the purpose to goad the Western Governments . . . into angrily refusing

to go into conference. . .?" The *News Chronicle* pondered whether the attack was made because "the Government was tottering," or in order "to split us from America." The *Daily Mail* took most seriously the portents of a Russian walk-out from the United Nations. *The Times* pointed out that while "every phrase [of Stalin's] is turned over as the Romans used to scrutinise the entrails of fowls for good news or bad about the future," much of it was for home consumption. The *Daily Telegraph* suggested that the reassurance was intended to answer "grumbles in those countries where Communist terror rules, but rules against increasing friction." The *Daily Graphic* merely wondered how much of the British reply would reach "Stalin's dumb, driven millions."

AUTOLYCUS

Battle of Baltinglass

IN IRELAND it is always the incalculable factor which counts. For the past fourteen years, in the little Wicklow town of Baltinglass, Miss Helen Cooke had managed the post office for her aunt, Miss Kate Cooke, an invalid who is over eighty years old, and who decided last October, to resign. It was assumed by the townspeople that the appointment would go, as a matter of course, to the niece who had been doing the actual work for so long—especially as the position had been held in the Cooke family for about seventy years. But there was a snag. A young man named Michael Farrell was sufficiently well-connected to be recommended to the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs by several members of the Dail, representing the Government and the Opposition. Scrutinising his qualifications closely, the Minister appointed him.

This might easily have been the end of the whole matter. But, instead, Baltinglass raised a banner protesting against injustice. Townspeople of every class, creed and political colour voiced their indignation. Mass pickets guarded Miss Cooke's post office and arranged for an alarm bell to be rung when the post office technicians arrived to remove the telephone cable and transfer it to Mr. Farrell's new post office, which tied up nicely with the drapery, grocery and public house business of the Farrell family. A chair was provided for a lady member of the picket party to sit on the slab under which the cable was laid. Baltinglass had hardly got used to the spectacle of its sober citizens—including the gentry—picketing the post office when van loads of police arrived in force to superintend the transfer and to see that the work proceeded without hindrance. Local excitement mounted higher. The Baltinglass citizens called for a boycott of the new post office and particularly of the new telephone cable. Motors took letters out of the district to post elsewhere. Activists—repudiated on every side—cut down several telegraph poles and even cut the cable to reinforce the protest. The police remained in strength.

The scene shifted to Dublin, where a Baltinglass picket with banners walked up and down outside the G.P.O.—in the bitterest, wintry weather—while a plane hovered over the city. Committees were formed in Dublin and other centres to gather thousands of signatures of protest, and a ballot was taken in the Baltinglass area, which is claimed to have demonstrated that 87 per cent. of the people wanted the Cookes left undisturbed in their post office. Heated protests were made in the Dail, especially by an Independent Member, Mr. P. Cogan, who declared that he would never again vote in the Government lobby until this injustice was righted. As the Government has a smaller majority than in Britain, this was serious. Prominent Government supporters resigned from their party in the country and made personal appeals to the Premier. Every day the Baltinglass issue made bigger front page news.

Suddenly—after a period of stubbornness—Mr. Michael Farrell decided to do the graceful thing. He resigned. Whereupon the Minister, Mr. Everett, announced the post vacant again and stated that, in future, the appointment would be made strictly apart from any political control or influence: the Minister would have no part in the selection. Miss Helen Cooke's supporters were naturally jubilant, but they kept their organisation intact. Yet everyone knew it would be a rash civil servant who would venture to appoint anyone else in face of the declared will of Baltinglass and the feeling aroused in the country.

Some time ago a well-known Irish dramatist, Denis Johnston, wrote a satirical play called *The Golden Cuckoo*, in which the village post office became the centre of revolt. He urged that a post office, in Ireland, was the traditional point for any Rising. Once again, reality has imitated art. In the world's eyes, Baltinglass may bulk smaller than Berlin; but in Ireland, where political feelings had long been tepid, there is a general feeling of elation that so many people should have spontaneously come together on a simple matter of ordinary justice. Many politicians seemed to think it was just an ordinary matter of routine to push this woman out of her livelihood. They have been rudely awakened by the nation-wide storm of protest. Miss Cooke was re-installed as sub-postmistress on February 9, and the total cost of transferring the office from Miss Cooke's premises to Mr. Farrell's and for re-transferring the office—including the cable—has been officially given as £213. The result in terms of national morale was worth it.

R. M. FOX

Meatless Musings

I HAD occasion recently to engage a cook-housekeeper. Over a period of some weeks I must have interviewed well over a dozen women. In the course of the interview I would put a question about cooking. "Can you," I would ask, "cook?" One and all made the same answer: "Well, I can't do fancy cooking," they would say primly, as if they were disclaiming something slightly discreditable, "but I can do plain English cooking. Yes, I'm a good plain cook." Whereupon I would say: "But the materials of plain English cooking are no longer available. English cooking means, I suppose, joints, joints roast and joints boiled, and ham and eggs. It also means plenty of lard for your pastry and plenty of suet and currants for your puddings. But where, to-day, are you going to get the sirloin of beef and the saddle of mutton and the Aylesbury duck and the Surrey fowl and the York ham? Fowls and ducks, perhaps, but they are enormously expensive and we can't live on *them* all the time, so what do you propose instead?" One and all, they had nothing to say.

Clearly they had given no thought to the matter. They had *not* thought out new ways of cooking fish—"Oh, fish!" they would say slightingly—or of preparing vegetables. Not for them the many ways of cooking rabbit so that it tastes like chicken, or the preparation of savoury stews from scrag ends of meat and bits of stewing steak, plenty of herbs and a little cheap wine. Not for them the many varieties of edible fungi—they were even suspicious of the ordinary mushroom. For them, blackberries by the million went unpicked and apples rotted by the hundred thousand on the ground. They used no herbs, knew nought of aubergines, mixed no salads, distrusted garlic.

Some years ago, I saw a report of the Medical Officer of Health for Lancashire on the culinary habits of Lancashire working-class households compiled from information obtained by questioning school children. One figure I happen to remember showed that, in some 30 per cent. of the households, no cooking of any kind took place from one year's end to another. Meals weren't prepared but taken straight out of tins; food was not cooked but bought ready to eat. A packet of fish and chips from round the corner was the staple, a bit of warmed up meat, fetched from the cookhouse for the Sunday dinner, the highlight of the week. There were no fresh vegetables, and from the hottest August to the coldest January the diet never varied. This dietetic conservatism qualified by lazy indifference—an R.A.F. "nutrition consultant" recently explained that in the Services the qualification for becoming a cook was being "no good for any thing else"—was always deplorable. But in these meatless days what was deplorable has become disastrous.

Read any article on food contributed to the papers by an "expert." You will find that it concerns itself almost entirely with questions of calories. What dietary will give the greatest return in terms of vitamins? Is our protein-starch "intake" properly balanced? Articles on cooking are directed to methods of economising labour and time. Devices are advertised for reducing the hours spent in the kitchen. We read of the advantages of pressure-cooking, of the meal prepared and left simmering for three or four hours which can thus be devoted to production—or the cinema. Our effort, in short, is aimed at getting the whole bothersome business of cooking over as expeditiously and economically as possible, subject, of course, to efficiency not being impaired.

It is with some temerity that I suggest another point of view. In other civilisations the preparation of food has been ranked among the arts. The culinary art originates in biological need. Than the means of merely satisfying this need, what could be more tedious? Both the need and the means of satisfying it we share with the animals, who, like the English, eat to live. Man alone has had the wit to transform the satisfaction of a need into the cultivation of an art, and upon the dunghill of his appetites to raise the flower of gastronomic delight.

It has never been clear to me why we in England should discriminate as we do against the sense of taste. Hearing and sight are respected; we indulge ourselves shamelessly in orgies of sound, and picture galleries are the legitimate prey of ladies of the highest class. But the pleasures that come to us through the sense of taste are regarded as being in some obscure way reprehensible. Yet not only are they varied and great; they are reliable, in fact, the most reliable of all our pleasures. Punctually three times a day the need for food recurs; and we can, if we so desire, derive from it an exquisite satisfaction.

It is sad to contemplate the amount of pleasure that as a nation we sacrifice on the altar of gastronomic joylessness. It is not that we are not interested. Cookery books fitted to every purse, addressed to every taste, pour from the publishers. Yet with every fresh batch of instructions the level of performance appears to fall. (Is this, I wonder, an example of what is meant by expressing

in literature what we fail to express in life?) Nor is it that we do not care. In their thousands the English middle classes flock in the summer to France and Italy. To hear them swopping stories about the glories of the food they have eaten, rhapsodising about "the little restaurant" they have discovered "just off the Boulevard," you would deem them connoisseurs indeed. Now at last, you think, they have seen the light; now things are going to be different. But, alas, they remain uncompromisingly the same. Delighted and exacting abroad, at home we put up with absolute muck.

Can anything be done to improve matters? It is highly doubtful. The evil is too deep-seated to admit of quick or easy remedy. Here, however, are three suggestions. First, a reopening of the Food Advice Centres, most of which have been closed, and the resumption of the issue of specimen menus from the Ministry of Food. Secondly, a talk on cooking of not less than half an hour's duration to be given daily in the Light Programme, to which the great majority of women are addicted—with special emphasis on the preparation of vegetable dishes. Thirdly, cooking should be made, not as it is at present an optional, but a compulsory subject for girls of from eleven to fifteen in all modern and secondary schools. I suppose that there are still enough women who know how to cook left to teach them. If not, we shall have to import them. C. E. M. JOAD

André Gide

In the Socratic sense André Gide was one of the great corruptors, a saint of interrogation. His life was, as he said, a continual dialogue on the subject of good and evil, in the manner of the Protestant pastors who had taught him when he was young, and the essence of the dialogue was that it could never come to an end. "I am nothing. I become." Accused of obliquity and paradox in the subtleties of this perpetual argument, he replied that against a head wind the good sailor keeps his hand to the tiller and drives forward by tacking. The drive forward, the belief in the new accretion to humanity which would spring from curiosity, experience and freedom, was the operative idea; as a moralist brought up in the severe traditions of the French Huguenots, he was never an intriguer, a casuist or a trimmer. Nor, like so many who lose their formal religious faith, did he become a cynic. He firmly confronted what was set against him. The enemies of freedom were orthodoxies, traditions, conventions, oligarchies, received ideas of all kinds, and no other mind so completely contained the active spiritual life of Western Europe in the sceptical and disordered phase of the last fifty years. He became the elective spiritual adviser of those who had chosen to live without the aid of faith or authority, and reading him one heard the last, and now evasive dissertation of the Enlightenment.

It was impossible to pin-point Gide's exact position on the ethical chart. He was always moving a little this way, a little that. He was too paradoxical, too painfully scrupulous, too innately puritan for those whose genial or despairing minds require the ease or order of a fixed mould. Like a Dostoievsky modified by French prudence, he found equilibrium in movement between extremes. He explained himself by his divided heritage. He was a Protestant, but he had close Catholic connections; peasants from the harsh Cevennes on one side, lawyers from the rich green of Normandy on the other. He was ascetic one moment, sensualist the next. Such contradictions might have cancelled out in a less fierce and fervid sensibility. As it was, Gide became the centre of violent controversy. His Catholic sympathies annoyed the Protestants, his atheism infuriated the Catholics who, once or twice, thought they had him in the net; his puritanism provoked the Hedonists. He managed to be a Rationalist and yet a devout interpreter of the Gospels. To art he brought the tastes of a scientist. In his private life there were the same differences. He adored his wife, but he was an avowed pederast, and with considerable courage he proclaimed the belief that his sexual deviation was neither an illness, an aberration, nor a crime. The generation he grew up in had been non-political, but as he grew older he felt the guilt which the rentiers were beginning to feel, for he was a fairly rich man. His visit to the Congo was the first shock; he was travelling for scientific amusement and came across the exploitation of African labour. In the Thirties he turned Communist, but his visit to Russia disillusioned him. Communism was unsuited to the West, but the new oligarchy, with its class system, privileges, and "mind made up in advance," horrified him. He was the first of the celebrated apostates of that time.

Active, ceaseless conscience, grinding very small, was the whole of Gide. From the novelist's point of view he used to say, a character without a conscience is useless. But in this seemingly austere world, he moved sensuously, one might even say musically (he was a considerable pianist) and with the hypnotic seduction of an artist. One went to him as one goes to an interpreter who is familiar with several spiritual tongues; for the spell of a clear beguiling voice speaking the truth about himself. He was a natural traveller; but his best journeys were through his own life, which he displayed like some candid and figured landscape. His immense *Journal* one is inclined to look upon as one of the final psychological monoliths of individualism, religious, even druidical rather than epicurean. This book is likely to rank as one of the great autobiographies of the West; in it the English reader could remark the wide and flattering knowledge of English literature, unusual in a Frenchman, which was a powerful influence on his mind. V. S. PRITCHETT

The Arts and Entertainment

THEATRE

The Madwoman of Chaillot, now presented at the St. James's Theatre, is evidently not to everyone's taste. But those who have lately been enjoying Anouilh (and the revival of a Theatre of Fantasy generally) should on no account miss it; they will be rewarded by a play not perfect, but shot through with imagination and wit: and by a remarkable performance from Miss Martita Hunt and the beautiful settings of Christian Bérard, which between them will compensate for serious deficiencies in the rest of the production. The author, Jean Giraudoux, has been strangely neglected over here; the general public will remember only *Amphitryon* 38, introduced to us by the Lunts in the Thirties; and even we "experts" are not much more informed. In connection with this play I have seen Giraudoux written of as one of the young advanced French playwrights. He is in fact so advanced as to have died in 1944, at the age of 62, an established author leaving behind him a very large body of work, of novels and stories and of plays, too, which used to be talked of between the wars as the nearest French equivalent to Shaw, and which Jouvet has ranked (overgenerously, I think) with Racine and Sophocles.

The Madwoman of Chaillot is difficult to describe, just as it is difficult to give a paraphrase of a poem. Dry Prose demands its own kind of sense and scratches its short hair angrily as it takes its taxi (back to Hampstead, now it seems) when Poetry refuses to submit to its analysis. The central proposition of this play might be called a poetic inversion of the old proverb: In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is King. In a crazy world, Giraudoux seems to be saying—and even dramatic critics may admit some truth in the epithet—in a crazy world, only the really lunatic know how to make proper sense.

The first act takes place on the terrasse of a Paris café with its waiter, its chasseur, its kitchen maid, its habitués, and the usual hangers-on, a street singer, a shoe-lace pedlar, an itinerant juggler, a rag-picker. At one table a group of business men discuss the flotation of a company. And among the habitués, and readily accepted by them all, is the local eccentric, the Countess Aurelia. In striking contrast to the angst-ridden appearance of the business men, she carries in her long extraordinary face the marks of that complete inner happiness which we of this world instantly recognise as mad. Presently a young man, insensible still from an attempt at suicide, is carried in, and when he comes round, he is holding Aurelia's hand, and she is explaining to him the secret of her happiness. But the café people who have gathered round decide that the time has come to tell her the truth: People aren't happy any longer. At first, isolated in her own past, she can't believe it. But these are her friends and she sees they are in earnest. Aren't you all happy any more? No. Well, Good Heavens, we must do something about it; why aren't you? The rag-picker gives his explanation. It's the exploiters that prevent it, the Pimps of life, who swarm everywhere, like the business men in the café. Very well, then why not get rid of them, asks the Madwoman of Chaillot? Not so easy, says the rag-picker. Perfectly simple, says the Madwoman: I already have a plan, and she proceeds, with the simple directness of the mad, to put it into effect.

The second act, in which she carries out her intentions, provides two superb scenes. There is a mad tea party—for the Madwoman of Chaillot has sent for three of her friends to help her—which is, in its own way, as funny as Lewis Carroll's. Then there is a wonderful mock trial of the Pimps of life conducted in their absence with the rag-picker as defending counsel. Unfortunately, it must be admitted that this is not rightly acted nor well staged. Indeed, the producer, Mr. Robert Speaight (who has in the past shown his skill with poetic drama), has badly missed the mark here; his direction is heavy, obvious, underlined, slow, over-serious, where speed, lightness of touch and delicacy of fancy are the absolute requisites. Without magic this kind of play cannot stay alive. Nor is the acting in general anything like up to standard (I have noticed this in other recent productions, *Point of Departure* for one. It is a curious paradox that at this time when so many actors, and good actors too, are out of employment, the standard of small-part acting in the West End should be so disgracefully low). Miss Angela Baddeley, though not rightly produced, is anyhow expert, and in a large indifferent cast (to vary the usual formula) Mr. Toke Townley, Miss Veronica Turleigh, Mr. Felix Felton and Mr. Martin Miller satisfied. The virtues of Miss Martita Hunt's performance, apart from its evident style and command, will be perceived by anyone who gives a moment's thought to the dangers that the part is continually threatened with. It would have been easy to be whimsical, easy to be over-droll, easy to be condescending. Miss Hunt is absolutely sure and right at all the points where these dangers loom. She dominates, as indeed she should; but I wonder if she herself realises that she would be even more effective if the whole were as good as her part of it.

The Arts Theatre is presenting a new play called *Spring at Marino*, announced as being "suggested by" Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Personally, I regard as wholly deplorable this ransacking of enduringly good novels to make transiently successful entertainments (plays I decline to call them). The formula is always the same. Abstract the very qualities that made the novel delightful and characteristic. Pinch a few of the situations, fillet a few of the characters, and cook, in the English style, in too much water. Lovers of *Fathers and Sons* had better keep well away, for what it has suggested to Miss Cox is a light comedy, set in Russia, but with an atmos-

phere wholly "stage English." In its own kind, however, the first act is, I must admit, really rather good. In the second the seams begin to split, in the third the essential vulgarity of the attempt becomes terribly clear. Those who remember the book will not be surprised to learn that a spruced-up Uncle Paul (beautifully acted by Mr. Clive Morton) received an enormous coroneted envelope from Princess R, now settled in Paris and wanting to join her grey hairs to his. Miss Cox has evidently aimed at a second success like *The Heiress*, and her first act brings this off. Even her second and third are good enough (such is my tip for what it's worth) for a long run in the West End where there is always a large matinee public for sweet biographies and classics-made-easy. If this happens I shall be glad to forget that the Arts started it all, and hope that they will soon return to their standards, and give us, perhaps, one of the other Giraudoux plays.

T. C. WORSLEY

BALLET

IN *The Prospect Before Us* which the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet has recently revived, Ninette de Valois endeavoured to repeat in terms of Rowlandson her previous successes in terms of Blake and Hogarth (*Job* and *The Rake's Progress*). *The Prospect Before Us* is the least satisfactory of the trio, not so much because of Dame Ninette's choreography, which is always competent, but because of her unhappy choice of sources. Somehow Rowlandson's cartoons, together with the confused incidents taken from Eber's *History of the King's Theatre* which inspired the scenario, do not lend themselves to interpretation in terms of ballet anything like as well as Hogarth's series of morality paintings did. *The Rake's Progress*, too, was fortunate in being designed by Rex Whistler, whose precise pastiches, among the most cunning of his counterfeits, measured up to Hogarth's originals magnificently. Not so Roger Furse's versions in *The Prospect Before Us*: his indifferent décor and, in particular, the slick daubs that are his backcloths, have captured none of the blowsy vigour of the originals they attempt to ape. What a chance thrown away! Dame Ninette has been luckier here with music. Constant Lambert's arrangements of William Boyce are a vast improvement on Gavin Gordon's insipid accompaniment to *The Rake's Progress*.

Like much of Dame Ninette's work, *The Prospect Before Us* is more a mime to a musical accompaniment than a ballet. In the past many of us have objected to this mimetic strain so strong in English ballet. And with some reason, for during and just after the war it developed, in the hands of Mr. Helpmann and others, into a tiresome mannerism without in any way extending the frontiers of the art, as it pretended to do. But in the past year or so an antidote, in the form of Balanchine's influence, has developed over here. Choreographers have grown out of their penchant for arch jollity, arty clowning and phoney philosophising which were the inevitable concomitants of too much mime in English ballets, and are now reinvestigating the possibilities of "pure" dancing. All the same how well the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet dance the best of the mimed pieces! They give such an excellent all-round performance of *The Prospect Before Us*, that it would be invidious to pick out particular names. The ensemble is all the more remarkable for being achieved in the teeth of a formidable display by Mr. Helpmann, who has emerged for a few performances to dance his old role of Mr. O'Reilly. Although this most accomplished of clowns has always tended to play up—his Doctor Coppelius was perhaps the most flagrant example—he now seems to have lost all sense of proportion. His non-stop buffoonery is so distracting as to make it impossible to concentrate on the ballet as a whole. However, his elaborate antics seem to be the cynosure of every admiring eye in the gallery.

Although some of Sadler's Wells mimed dramas toppled over occasionally into Expressionism, this form of art never constituted a very real threat to English ballet. Not that the technique of Expressionism is undesirable in itself, but it needs an accomplished Central European like Jooss to handle it successfully. What it can't do with are dancers like the Swedes at the Princes' Theatre, who indulge in such an elementary form of expressionism that it expresses nothing at all. Miss Cullberg, who is responsible for the three ballets these dancers have brought over with them, gives us Euripides, Strindberg and Kafka in expressionist terms lamentably danced in a gymnastic idiom. Having now seen all three, I can only feel that the Strindberg, *Miss Julie*, is the least pernicious, and that *The Stone Portal*, "based on a motif from Kafka's *Trial*" is such a hollow display of pretentious posturing, that one wonders why any impresario thought it worth while importing. The same with *Medea*, which boasts one of the most bizarre moments in all ballet, when Medea squats down by the footlights looking like nothing so much as a Henry Moore figure of 1942, tapping her foot in an agony of suspicion, grief, scorn and woe. Could no more eloquent movements have been found? The music for this was said to have been by Bartok; Prokofiev's name was attached to the noises that one occasionally heard while *The Stone Portal* was being performed, but as none of this was recognisable, except the first notes of the Prokofiev and they were by Bizet, I have my doubts.

RICHARD JOHNSON

THE MOVIES

"César," at the Curzon

Nobody who has followed the Marseilles adventures of *Marius* and *Fanny* will be able to resist seeing them to their conclusion in *César*. This third of the Pagnol trilogy amply sustains the other two, busies itself for a couple of hours with its own richly comic and sentimental entanglements, and reaches the happy solution expected of it. Panisse dies; argument, of course, has surrounded him to the end. So as not to frighten him, a priest, without canonicals, has been suborned; but soon the family fur's flying—"Who's dying, you or he? Well then, *let him speak*." César finds his real father, Fanny her lover; Raimu can relapse after golden rages into golden grins. A pity it's all over. But heavens, how delicious, how interminable it has been! The immobilising influence of Pagnol's stagecraft is such at times that one longs to get up and run three times round the hall before returning to laugh one's head off or cry one's heart out.

* * *

Read this, and save yourself queueing at the local:

ROBINSON CRUSOE
or, PURPLER THAN PRINT

Robinson Crusoe's island.
Blue sands, yaller seas, emerald skies, such as
old Omar never dreamed of.
But Robinson is no poet. He's just
All
Alone
Except for the symphony orchestra round the
corner.

Always pacing those sands.
Beard a foot long.
Three feet now.
Suddenly he stoops over something.
What can it be?
A footmark!
Shoemark!!
High heels!!!
And there's a gurgling in the yaller, yaller waves.
Who's there? calls Robinson hoarsely.
Me, comes the reply.
Another mermaid, he thinks, to vex a man's
loneliness.
But stay—aren't these legs, frog-green legs in
puce pantaloons, climbing the shingle?
Who—he gasps—what—
Nell Gwynn, ant please your honour.

GANYMED
reproductions

Just published

JOHN CONSTABLE

Salisbury Cathedral from the River

Turnstile Print 25½" x 17½" £2.19.0 *inc. tax.*
From The National Gallery.

This is one of the several paintings of Salisbury Cathedral. It shows the cathedral between tall trees, with the river in the foreground. It is No. 2651 in The National Gallery catalogue.

★

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The marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini & Giovanna Cenami

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CEZANNE

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Turnstile Print 25½" x 21½" £4.8.6 *inc. tax.*
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★

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(*Prices to be announced later.*)

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CEZANNE

Still Life with chair, bottle and apples

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EL GRECO

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Turnstile Print 19½" x 24".
From The National Gallery.

RAOUL DUFY

Ascot, 1935

Turnstile Print 19½" x 26".
Water colour owned by Mrs. T. C. S. Haywood.

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Welcome to the island, Mistress Gwynn, and step right ashore. Geddout!—That's to the jaguar, lady.

You have jaguars here?

He hails a passing elephant, and they go.

You know you'd look a whole lot less anti-social with them whiskers away . . . .um, what did I tell you, maybe you better sleep out on the verandah like you said.

Busy fingers.
A crown is being unpicked from a kerchief.

What were you doing, Rob, all those years?
Oh, weaving safaris and digging zither-traps, and working up some fool theory—Relativity, wasn't it?—and writing a concerto of course, tum-tum-ty, and inventing things—paddle steamers, elastic—

Tell me about them—tell me about you—
But they are cut short by the orchestra, secretly reinforced to sob out, in one gale-swept movement, Kitchgob's Island Concerto.

After the storm.
But Nell, you're—you're bewdiful!
Ah shucks, Rob, you're kinda pristeen yourself. I like your toes.

Two heads on a pillow.
Snoring.
Together . . . . .

(But what then? Look out for a further instalment.)

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

FOR me, the most distinguished native contribution to the Third Programme for many months has been Mr. Herbert Read's *Moon's Farm*, in *The Inward Eye* series. On its first hearing three weeks or so ago it was discussed by *The Critics* with what I could only think was for the most part singular obtuseness. I seem to recall that "pretentious" was one of the words used; a lack of poetry in the programme was diagnosed. In my view, Mr. Read's great gifts have rarely been displayed to greater advantage, and of his gifts the greatest is surely an intransigent honesty of analysis, analysis of his own mind, expressed with the most careful precision of language, so that nothing too much is ever claimed, there is never any attempt to sacrifice scrupulousness to an obvious beauty or the immediate effect. Mr. Read's use of language is the complete opposite to the rhetorical. In *Moon's Farm* Mr. Read returns after an absence of fifty years to the Northern birthplace he described so beautifully in *The Innocent Eye*. Confronted, reasonably enough in such circumstances, by the spirits of place and time, who were equally reasonably personified in the programme, Mr. Read discusses with them his conclusions on human life and fate—but that is indeed to put it pretentiously, for Mr. Read's conclusions are personal, the fruit of one man's experience, not generalised abstractions. Of course *Moon's Farm* was obscure; having listened to it twice, I know that its meaning will not be exhausted after half a dozen hearings; but it was obscure with that darkness with which Chapman, in a passage Mr. Read has used as the epigraph to one of his books, laboured to be shadowed, because the obscurity "shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets." A most memorable programme, worthily rendered by the cast that represented Mr. Read, Time and Place.

M. Gabriel Marcel is rapidly taking his place with Ibsen and Strindberg as one of the main pillars of the Third. After *The End of Things* and *Ariadne* I must confess I found *A Man of God* somewhat disappointing. It seemed to me to lack the tautness of structure of the other plays. There was the same remorseless probing into the motives of behaviour, the same Ibsen-like skill in bringing the present face to face with the skeletons in the cupboard of the past. But in *A Man of God* the main skeleton was one that has served dramatists faithfully for a good many years now, and the theme itself, the stripping of a clergyman of his faith in himself, of his sense of vocation, was not precisely new and, in a way, too easy. All of which does not, of course, prevent one from wanting to hear many more of M. Marcel's works on the air or from believing that it is surely time we were given the chance of seeing them on the London stage.

We have had two good feature programmes, Mr. Leslie Baily's *The Wonderful Year 1851* and Mr. Richard Rumbold's and Miss M. F. A. Stewart's *Portrait of an Airman*. Mr. Baily's panoramic survey in two parts was as accomplished as all his programmes are; in this genre there is no one quite to touch him; and much of his success comes, I am sure, from his brilliant selection of material. It is never the obvious material: how good it was, for instance, to present the Great Exhibition not through the obvious ode of Tennyson but through the much less familiar poem by Thackeray. And there is another source of Mr. Baily's strength: he never patronises the past; he allows it to speak for itself. *Portrait of an Airman* was a picture of St. Exupéry as his friends saw him. It was, in fact, an exercise in hero-worship by two writers who share the French writer's *mystique* of flight. It is a *mystique* that has always left me cold, at any rate as expressed in St. Exupéry's too ecstatic prose; but I am glad to have heard this programme on a very remarkable man.

WILLIAM SALTER

Turner Watercolours, at Agnew's

It is not very difficult to understand, now, why Bloomsbury critics remained blind to Turner, why we had to wait so long for him to become recognised as the world's most inventive watercolour painter. For one thing, he had the misfortune to be English. For another, he must thirty years ago have seemed to possess the vices of the "literary" artist, although we now think that he invariably interpreted nature in pictorial terms, never sinking to mere topographical annotations. Other reasons for ignoring him were more valid. A generation brought up to venerate Cézanne's stumbling search for form was probably upset by Turner's limitless self-assurance; and this certainty that he carried about with him through life is indeed his least attractive characteristic. The hazy distances, blue smoke issuing from chimneys, foam rising from waterfalls, mountains shrouded in cloud and imprecise valleys must once have seemed a betrayal of the lesson bequeathed by Poussin: that order needs to be established out of chaos to produce art. Turner made this chaos his subject; and the pictures themselves were only saved from chaos by his certainty, by iron control over space, so that George Chapman, in a passage Mr. Read that at no moment is the situation in space of any of his mountain peaks or rivers, however dimly defined, a matter for dispute. In our own unstable age we have grown to set a value on this achievement, in the same way as we have grown more sympathetic towards the turgid, diffuse Ruskin, Turner's opposite number in criticism, than towards tidier aesthetic doctrines.

A beautiful loan exhibition held in aid of the Artist's Benevolent Institution has opened at Agnew's, of watercolours selected from every phase of his long life, from conscientious, picturesque views of ruined abbeys executed in, and belonging in spirit to, the eighteenth century, down to a final riot of colour, which in the journey that art undertook in the nineteenth century represents a perilous, fascinating deviation into a siding where no other artist, not even Monet in his old age, penetrated. This is one of the rare occasions within living memory that it has been possible to study Turner's dazzling manipulation, throughout nearly sixty years of his working life, of the watercolour medium—coaxed and twirled in his hands into new shapes, with such incomprehensible ease that one is almost persuaded that the medium was manufactured for the express purpose of being used to record these fleeting fragments of landscape glimpsed through haze or foam.

B. N.

Louis Marcoussis, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's

Louis Marcoussis was a cubist painter. Born in Warsaw in 1883, he worked most of his life in Paris and died about ten years ago. There are four very impressive still-life paintings in the present show. The various facets of the objects, seen simultaneously from different points of view, are arranged to make firm, flat, decorative patterns which are nevertheless full of insinuations of space and light. There is a serenity about these pictures—quite apart from their cool colours and beautifully controlled textures. The painter has not striven frantically to perpetuate a moment, a mood, a particular arrangement of objects; one feels that he quietly took the violin or guitar into his hands, came to know every one of its surfaces, looked along its strings towards the green sea beneath his balcony, and then finally decided to place it on his table near a bottle, in order to draw the illogical but poetic contrast between a litre and an octave. In another picture called "The Rain" (a dark arrangement of severely formalised loaves in front of a window pane across which unreal silver spears of rain are driven) there is the quintessence of all upper rooms on wet days. Now, when so many cubist mannerisms have become debased, it is good to see these highly conscious and disciplined paintings—for, in fact, Marcoussis is a small master.

J. B.

Correspondence

"AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT"

SIR,—Mr. Seton-Watson's letter calls for a reply; but I should like to begin by thanking the hundreds who have written to me personally—over and above the many more who have written to you—in support of what I said in my article, and by saying how sorry I am to be unable to answer them individually. To those who have asked me what to *do*, may I add the advice not to start new "splinter" organisations now, but to try to influence neighbours and existing bodies, and to wait for opinion—especially working-class opinion—to develop further, as I feel sure it soon will?

Mr. Seton-Watson's challenge falls into three parts. Broadly, he accuses me (1) of being a traitor to my country, (2) of "accepting Moscow's view of American foreign policy," and (3) of urging my fellow-countrymen to "stand neutral between those who are preparing the annihilation of Socialist Britain and those who defend her."

On the first point, he asks me whether my article is to be interpreted as "an appeal to sabotage and civil war." It is not. What I am claiming for myself and for others is the right and duty of opposing the Government of my country when I sincerely believe it to be in the wrong. In the last resort, in common with John Locke and with the assumptions underlying the British Constitution at any rate since 1688, this involves the right to rebel; but we are nowhere near that last resort yet. What I said was that, if American folly lands us in war with China, I shall wish for a Chinese victory and shall refuse to co-operate in furthering a Chinese defeat. I do not accept the doctrine of "My country, right or wrong"; I do accept the obligation to search my conscience rigorously before deciding to defy my country's Government. I have been searching it for many months; and my article was an attempt to set down plainly what it tells me.

This, Mr. Seton-Watson will agree, is most unlike a Communist or "fellow-traveller" line of argument. I am indeed by temperament and conviction most strongly opposed to totalitarian doctrines of all kinds. If I do not, like Mr. Seton-Watson, suffer from a rush of blood to the head at any mention of the

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Soviet Union, that is not out of love for its present leaders or policies. Nor do I "accept Moscow's view of American foreign policy." I do not believe that either the American Government or the American people are "imperialist warmongers" bent on provoking world war in order to destroy the Soviet Union. There are individuals and pressure groups in America taking that line; but I regard American foreign policy not as a sinister conspiracy between the Government and these groups but as an intolerable and dangerous muddle. It was muddle-headed folly not to recognise the Government of China, appalling muddle-headedness on Mr. Truman's part to mix up the Korean and Formosan issues, and sheer political infantilism to set out to turn the United Nations into an agency of the West in the not-so-cold war.

Again, I believe American insistence on re-arming Western Germany to be due not to "war-mongering" but to failure to understand the European situation. I think the hysteria of American newspapers and politicians, and the readiness with which the United States Government gives in to it, present, at the moment, a greater danger of world war than anything else. Deeply as I dislike and distrust the Russian leaders, I do not think that they, any more than the American Government, deliberately intend world war. I think they are desperately and most dangerously afraid of it; and, knowing panic to be the worst of counsellors, I want their fears to be allayed instead of inflamed. Why should they want world war, when they believe that only such war can prevent the world from falling piecemeal into their hands as a result of capitalist decay and colonial rebellion? If Mr. Seton-Watson were wholly right about the Russians, world war would be inevitable. I do not believe it to be inevitable: I think preventing it should be the primary aim of every decent person. That is why I want real negotiations with the Russians—not dismissal of everything they say as *mere* propaganda almost before the words are out of their mouths.

As for Yugoslavia, I am quite prepared to contemplate the necessity of going to its aid in the event of invasion by the Soviet *bloc*—provided that the attack is not provoked by an American attack on China. Yugoslavia and South Korea are quite different cases. The one has a Government fully capable of looking after itself if it is not attacked by foreigners: South Korea never had, nor was the division of Korea into two puppet areas ever more than an externally imposed arrangement. Moreover, Yugoslavia is in Europe and Korea in Asia; and I believe in "Asia for the Asians" and cannot support any regime in Asia that depends for its survival on European or American armed force. In Europe, I think the existing lines have to be defended until a *détente* can be brought about. Thinking this, I oppose the rearmament of Western Germany for four good reasons—(1) as certain to destroy German democracy and put irredentist German militarism back in power, (2) as disastrous to hopes of even limited agreement with the Russians, (3) as calculated to create a new "Korean" situation—rival armies of the same nation facing each other across an unreal frontier—in an even more dangerous area, and (4) as likely, in the not-so-long run, to provide the Soviet Union rather than the West with a new ally.

I have answered, incidentally, most of Mr. Moynihan's letter, which is a good example of the American muddle-headedness I have described. I do not think I was "screaming," and certainly I was not heightening what I wrote for effect. Does Mr. Moynihan never read his own American newspapers, and has he never heard of General MacArthur's goings-on with Chiang Kai-shek?

All Souls College, G. D. H. COLE
Oxford.

SIR,—May I, as a Socialist with even a longer (though less distinguished) record than Mr. Cole's, express my general agreement with his article in your issue of February 3, and a point of difference that makes it less easy for me to pronounce a final judgment.

The Russian Revolution seems to be following a familiar historical pattern, and to have reached a stage in some respects very like the Napoleonic aftermath of the French Revolution. The most important difference that gives the Soviet Union leaders an advantage Napoleon lacked comes from the irruption of Hitler and the temporary alliance of Russia with the democratic Powers. As a result of this the Soviet Union has had the occupation of considerable territories, more or less by agreement; and has used the opportunity to indoctrinate and train local allies who could be left in control. This has enabled them to cut down the risks of direct invasion to a minimum, by developing a technique of promoting or supporting "civil war" on the chosen terrain. In two cases this inevitably means war between the regions of Russian occupation and those occupied by one or other of the Western Powers.

For this reason I cannot follow Mr. Cole's distinction absolving the North Koreans of the charge of aggression. When both the occupying Powers had withdrawn their forces, North and South alike strained at the leash; but the South was restrained by American influence, whereas Russia made no effort to restrain the North, counting upon a quick and easy victory. The Western Powers have not yet withdrawn from Germany; and if the Korean adventure had gone according to plan, the occupation of Western Germany might have had to take the shape of a more or less permanent responsibility. I hold, therefore, that the intervention of the U.N. was fully justified. The truncation of its representative character was due not to the U.S. but to the deliberate withdrawal of the U.S.S.R. representatives. The sequel, sharp and painful all round, at least showed the Soviet leaders that they had blundered; and it may have saved the U.N. from complete disruption.

The first major blunder on this side was the insane advance beyond the 38th Parallel. From that followed a series of provocations of the Chinese People's Republic, already aware that the U.S. was hoping to wreck it by the same technique of promoting civil war in China itself. The second is the "branding" of the Chinese as aggressors, for actions that were only natural and that any sensible person could have foreseen. In the light of all the facts every Asian people must regard this "branding" as sheer hypocrisy. I cannot understand what can have induced our own leaders to assent to it, however reluctantly. It may have made the problem almost insoluble without a humiliating *volte face*.

Between Russian imperialism and American hysteria the danger of a catastrophic war has been brought very close. I use the adjective advisedly, because I am sure such a war, however it ended, would be wholly disastrous to us. When Britons are confident that they fight in a righteous cause they are finally invincible; but in this issue we should be divided and demoralised, and without the will to win.

The British Commonwealth must at any cost stand for the truth it sees, even against our American friends. The U.S. is, I believe, fundamentally with us, but at the moment it seems to be controlled by elements that are either entirely ignorant of the social and political forces at work, whether in Europe or in Asia, or alternatively, careless of the wishes and the welfare of the peoples in both continents. It is indeed a melancholy reflection that, having liberated Germans and Japanese from the jackboots under which they had suffered so long, we should now contemplate forcing them back, against their own wishes.

17 The Furrows, FRED HUGHES
Walton-on-Thames.

LABOUR PACIFISTS

SIR,—To say that "Mr. Attlee's . . . ostentatious refusal to send the usual letter of support (to the Labour candidate in West Bristol) has caused deep distress in the Party" is a masterpiece of understatement. After 22 years' membership of the Party, hearing the B.B.C. announcement of the Prime Minister's decision led me to resign at once from the Party. Until then, I was a member of the Executive Committee of the Labour Party Eastern Regional Council; Chairman of the Hertfordshire Labour Federation; had just completed seven years as Chairman of the Hemel Hempstead Constituency Labour Party; and was Secretary of the Berkhamsted Labour Party.

I am not a pacifist. I am opposed, however, to the present trend of the Government's foreign policy, which, I think, is leading to inevitable war. With G. D. H. Cole and, I think, thousands of others, I shall oppose any course which tends to lead Britain into conflict with China.

When Harold Lawrance was adopted as Labour Candidate at West Bristol his pacifism would be known to the Party. The candidature was presumably endorsed by the N.E.C. of the Party, and the Party is normally represented at adoption conferences, so presumably the N.E.C. knew Lawrance's views. Yet, at that time, no objections were raised. It would be interesting to know if the Prime Minister or the N.E.C. would have taken a similar line if West Bristol had been a Labour seat and the same circumstances had arisen. A 12,000 Tory majority at the general election provided a formidable obstacle against a possible Labour victory in a by-election in a (for Labour) chilly political atmosphere. The result announced as I write shows that Lawrance had a majority of 17,000 against him. Of course, such a defeat is the result of the Party Leader's snub. It has nothing to do with the rising cost of living, falling meat supplies, preparations for war, and so on. Or has it?

For one thing I am grateful: it is not essential in being a Socialist to be attached to a political party.

2 Ashridge Rise, R. M. BRIERLEY
Berkhamsted, Herts.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SIR,—Let me write you as a liberal, or as a subscriber, since the quality of *American* applied to anyone or anything seems to outrage you these days.

You may despise our culture—that is a matter of taste, or perhaps education; you may question our tactics—a matter of judgment; but what strikes me as incredible is your imputing to us so much wilful villainy. It is as if you had forgotten we are a representative democracy and had decided we were a world menace on a par with the Soviet Union. This

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seems like ignorance or else a deliberate attempt to—what?

Most American liberals by this time have learned out of recent history a clear notion that the Soviet Union wants to dominate the world. Almost nobody in America has any such interest. In the process of the great public debate by which a free country makes up its mind many things are said which startle foreigners; but you should know that from watching the same process in your country, and not assume that every fool remark made in the heat of debate represents the weighed intention of a nation.

We decided—Left and Right together—on the policy of "military containment" to meet what seemed an insatiable Soviet appetite for "secure" borders, and then "secure" borders of borders. If the policy succeeds it will have protected you as well as ourselves. The alternatives you suggest seem only like appeasement, which didn't work in the Thirties. I am curious why you think it will work now.

238 West Fourteenth Street, NAOMI BLIVEN.
New York 11.

PEACE BY NEGOTIATION

SIR,—It is constantly said that war is not inevitable. It is surely quite inevitable unless an effort of a more positive kind is made to prevent it.

A two-point programme may be suggested. First, personal negotiation at every turn of events, and however unpromising the prospects at any moment may appear to be, should be preferred both in Europe and in the Far East to the long-distance diplomacy which always develops into paper warfare. Particularly: in the conference with Russia, which now looks like coming off, we should avoid replying with recrimination to the recrimination which, we know in advance, will be meted out; but rather, however certain our statesmen may be—and I share their certainty—that the Kremlin is primarily responsible for the present disasters, we should negotiate, as Mr. Nehru has said, not in the mood of war but in the mood of peace.

Secondly, our Government should put forward for immediate discussion some variant of Walter Reuther's plan—namely, that a great international fund should be established for improving the conditions of our starving fellow creatures throughout the world; and by the size of our proposed contribution we should challenge the world to a new kind of rivalry, a rivalry in the works of peace. So might swords be turned into ploughshares.

Will all who are in general agreement send a post card to me at 14 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2? Only a post card, please, with only the name, address and the word "Agree." VICTOR GOLLANCZ

POLICY FOR PEACE

SIR,—In view of the letter which appeared in your last issue over the signatures of Sydney Silverman, Wilfred Vernon and William Warbey we write to say that the Victory For Socialism Group is already engaged in a campaign on similar lines to those suggested by your correspondents. We are holding a Conference, to which London and Home Counties Labour Parties have been invited, to be held in London on March 3rd. Fred Messer, M.P., will be in the chair and Fenner Brockway, M.P., William Warbey and Bob Edwards will speak. (Details can be obtained from Conference Secretary, Miss G. F. Fishwick, 3 Grey Close, N.W.11.)

We are planning similar conferences in the Provinces but, like the Socialist Europe Group, are quite prepared to sink our own identity in any wider movement which may be formed to do the job more effectively.

Victory For Socialism has striven consistently since 1943 to unify and strengthen the efforts of those members of the Labour Party who believe in International Socialism and desire the conduct of Foreign Affairs to be animated by this faith.

FENNER BROCKWAY
WILL ELLIOT
ERIC MESSER

78 Blenheim Crescent,
South Croydon.

DIVIDENDS AND INFLATION

SIR,—As one of the "uninformed" for whose benefit Mr. Bazalgette last week wrote his child's guide to company finance, I would like to cite the figures given in the *Investor's Chronicle* on February 10.

That journal took 34 shares of leading companies which had declared bonuses in 1950. These shares showed an average rise of 33.9 per cent. during the 13 months to end-January, 1951. This compares with a rise, over the same period, in the *Investor's Chronicle* general industrial share index of 11.2 per cent. and in the *Financial Times* industrial Ordinary share index of 13.5 per cent. These figures—described as "truly representative"—show that shares in bonus companies have risen on an average very much faster than those in which no bonus has been given.

It would seem, therefore, that investors do not act on Mr. Bazalgette's theory that share bonuses are "book-keeping transactions pure and simple"; they regard them as hard cash, and very nice too. In their ignorance of high economics and even higher mathematics, the poor misguided wretches blindly—but not unfruitfully—follow older and less abstruse arithmetical principles. For such pure and simple souls, as Chesterton pointed out,

"Twice one is two,
Twice two is four,
But twice two is a limousine
If you know the way to score."

15 Half Moon Street, O. H. PARSONS
Piccadilly, W.1.

WHEN LOTTERIES WERE LEGAL

SIR,—There is still one lottery which is legal. The Art Unions Act, 1846, has not been repealed. This Act makes it lawful for associations to organise a lottery if its objects be the "Encouragement of the Fine Arts." I have a copy of the *Art Union Journal*, June, 1846, in which it is stated that the Art Union of London was formed with the Duke of Cambridge as president and several aristocrats and prominent men on the committee. Subscribers paid one guinea and upwards and for each guinea had one chance in the lottery. In that year receipts amounted to £16,979 11*s.* 0*d.*, of which £14,790 8*s.* 0*d.* was expended on works of art varying from £10 to £300 each.

Notwithstanding that letters recently appeared in the press stating that some artists were having a bad time—and we read of open-air exhibitions on the Embankment and at Hampstead,—a suggestion made to several men prominent in the art world that efforts should be made to resuscitate the Art Union Lottery met with no response, though apparently it is not thought *infra dig* to exhibit one's pictures in the street.

With the much wider scope of advertising to-day it might be possible to interest a far larger public at a subscription (or ticket) of less than a guinea.

Private Road, J. P. HODGE
Colyford, Devon.

EVA HUBBACK MEMORIAL

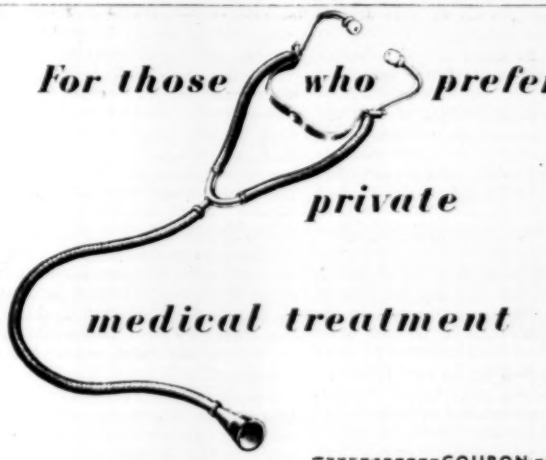
SIR,—Many friends and associates of Eva Hubback felt that because of the great service that she performed during her lifetime for her fellows, men, women and children in their homes, their schools and their daily lives, it was only fitting that a memorial should commemorate her life. A fund has been opened at Morley College to do this and it is hoped that part of the fund will be devoted to students interested in the activities and objects in which she was keenly interested and that part should be used to provide a suitable permanent memorial at Morley College when it is rebuilt. The exact form of the memorial has not been decided, but many of your readers will be interested to know that this is being arranged and may wish to support the fund.

Contributions should be sent to The Treasurer, Sir Otto Niemeyer, G.B.E., K.C.B., Eva Hubback Memorial Fund, Morley College, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. DAVID LAYTON

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—I am engaged in the compilation of a critical edition of the poetry of D. H. Lawrence. May I ask any of your readers who may have manuscripts of Lawrence's poetry or unpublished correspondence concerning his poetry to correspond with me?

49 Cheyne Walk, D. M. ALLEN
London, S.W.3.



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Books in General

CHEEK, said Henry James, whose slang was sometimes more momentous, more poetically exact than his finer pursuits of definition, was the essence of Wells's genius. The word leads on to G. K. Chesterton's judgment:

> I have always thought that he reacted too swiftly to everything; possibly a part of the swiftness of his native genius. . . . whenever I met him he seemed to be coming from somewhere rather than going anywhere. And he was so often nearly right that his movements irritated me like the sight of somebody's hat being perpetually washed up by the sea. . . . But I think he thought the object of opening the mind was simply opening the mind. Whereas I am incurably convinced that the object of opening the mind, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid.

The passage comes out of Mr. Vincent Brome's lively journalistic rag-bag which sets up to be "the first full-length biography of Wells since his death."* In any serious sense, it is not. Bright, slipshod, second-hand and ingenuous, it is a hurried and sometimes atrociously written book, the work of an enthusiast who has jumped in too quick. There ought to have been a longer pause if we were to avoid going over the well-known ground again. There were so many quarrels and scandals connected with Wells; many of them were intimate enough to lock up the proper documents for a generation; it would have been far better if we could have had a serious official life, with the inevitable suppressions, on which a later biographer could work. As it is we have pickings from hearsay, talk and what has already been written; they vary between the blurred and the too sprightly. It is no doubt not Mr. Brome's fault that a full account of Wells's many love affairs cannot be given, but his own uncertain, arch and embarrassing handling of what can be said, does not give one any confidence in his judgment. The solidity of the portrait dissolves into a flood of impressions, some of them taken from fiction, and in this indiscriminate collection of opinions, the figure we have a right to expect from a "first full-length biography" disappears.

Of course, impressions can be true enough up to a point. Some are vivid and had come to him from sharp observers. One sees, for example, the irascible seer of the war years courageously sticking it out in Hanover Terrace where the bombs blew out his front door, jeering at the war he had prophesied, denouncing his neighbour's sycamore tree with the fury of any suburban householder. It is a sad picture but a fine one in a way: petulance never eclipsed the greatness for long. Incalculable in mood, passing from gentleness to venom at a touch, the old egotist saw in his own death the end of the human race. One turns to the happier earlier pictures: unchanging Cockney cheek runs through them all, but imagination raises the cheek to the level of a sustained humanity of the great kind. As a "pure" character Wells is a gift. The squeaking voice, which he hated, suggested the ventriloquist's dummy; but the ventriloquist was enlightenment. The spell of his conversation was extraordinary. It was never woolly. His vitality made the abstract and conjectural sound possible and immediate. The words made stepping stones across huge distances and he ran through knowledge with the confidence of an errand boy who knows the streets of a city by heart. The vanity of Wells, his pathological sensibility to the smallest criticism, his temper, his tantrums (soon over and winningly forgotten), the immediate sensation of a primitive vitality in his comic figure, and the hard twinkle of his varying, grey, unanswerable eyes, all combined to make him an irreverent, exasperating and inestimable mixture. One must add the agreeable impression, often to be noticed in successful men of his period, that he carried his greatness with more than a touch of the Edwardian commercial traveller, a touch of their epicurean sadness in the irresistible bounce.

Behind this knowing figure is a wonderfully unpresentable collection of selves: the ailing Bromley boy, the wretched counter-jumper who can't keep the cash, the unsteady student, the sentimental lover, the consumptive, the diabetic, the rude, bossy, go-getter whom the Fabians had to squash, the larker of Easton Glebe who manages to work like a power station, carouse like an Edwardian brake party, talk, quarrel and make love all at once. Wells was certainly the exemplification of his own beliefs: break through the miseries of lower middle-class life, release the prisoner, and he will be reborn morally and physically. Individuality and will, energy and fantasy are the traditional gifts of this class, and, applied to the mean tasks of self-preservation, these qualities have turned bad. Wells himself escaped from the *petit bourgeois* environment but could not throw off its haze and when he transformed its fantasies into large social and political ideas his failure to tell us *how* to bring them about, gave the game away. This sleeper would never awake and it is interesting that the dream was one of his commonest symbols. We shall never know whether his dreams were the visions of a man before his time, for the evidence against the coming of the World State is at least just as strong as the evidence for it; and there was always a repellent side to his visions. They gratified his desire for freedom and enlightenment, but also his fundamental irresponsibility: when in a fix, enlarge the outline. They gratified a side of his nature which Mr. Brome calls the mystical; one which, I suspect, when translated means that desire can take one directly to the godhead and that one can have everything without paying the intellectual, the emotional, the moral, the physical price. About this, since Wells certainly understood what evil was, one can only say that he appears to have thought that he had served his sentence of misery when he was young.

The ordinary people—not the masses—upon whom he had his enormous influence no doubt recognised him as one of themselves and it was the spectacle of Wells's successful "cheek," in literature, in speculation, and in conduct, which moved them. It is exhilarating to "rise" in society. One passes through so many scenes. Wells was an artist in popular education where he attained a sort of greatness; he was a bad scientist, a hopeless politician in his speculative work. He immeasurably raised the interest and standard of intellectual life for badly educated or self-educated men and women. That he may have educated badly, in many directions, is true. Popular education of his kind (the individualist) has the grave weakness of stereotyping the mind; it leads to incuriosity and prejudice. There is no humility in it and therefore only a short-lived and narrow expansion; the Wellsian characters, who never outgrew him, have become the comic barnacles of the English backwaters. In old age, Wells naturally felt that his audience dwindled because we were determined on self-destruction; but, in fact, as Mr. Brome correctly says, the problem was not how to dream emancipating dreams but, in the world which Wells had so emotionally provoked, how to act, how to be responsible.

The failure of Wells as a novelist, after *The New Machiavelli*, must always be held against him. It can be put down to serious defects of character: the desire for power, money, the quick fame of the publicist, and to an egotism too suddenly enlarged. Possibly his lack of education explains it; with the resulting impatience and lack of spiritual stability. The brash, material expansiveness of the Edwardian time was corrupting; how corrupting can be seen from *Mr. Britling* and the savage attacks—afterwards, deeply regretted—on the pacifists. Wells became, at times, remarkably like the monopolists of the period. Mr. Brome looks with a naïve sigh at the integrity of Mr. E. M. Forster; but, as M. Gide subtly observed about the didactic novels of Wells, which he greatly admired, the error was not the suppression of the artist but the failure to preserve the fourth unity: the unity of audience. He carelessly wrote for too many kinds of people, now for the elect, now for any Tom, Dick and Harry. It was a failure in form, not in subject.

Why, Mr. Brome asks, again rather recklessly, did not Wells stick to the artist and become another Dickens? Surely the difference between the periods is decisive. The worship of education had not begun in Dickens's period, nor had a certain self-conscious pride that goes with it. Dickens was subservient to the huge audience upon whom he played and had, in this sense, the humility of the artist-entertainer; but the audience had changed by Wells's time, it was ashamed of being like Kipps, it wished to be taught in school, it was conscious of itself as a class, it was anxious to prove its own worth and right first and *then* to remedy special social abuses. Wells took the easiest but inevitable course—it is easier to teach than create—and the onset of the war caught him at a crucial moment. It was late to go back to *Mr. Polly*; he had become the Messiah of sexual liberty; he was out of touch with the world from which he had sprung and of which huge tracts still exist now after his death waiting for the books he did not write.

But, as Mr. Kingsley Martin has said—I quote Mr. Brome:

> "Wells was the logical outcome of the long

* *H. G. Wells*. By Vincent Brome. *Longmans*. 18s.

curve that ran from the Renaissance through the Encyclopædists to Huxley, a curve sustained by the conviction that man was a rational being, that once enlightened education had become universal and scientific techniques widely accepted, hunger, want and war could be controlled. Like Condorcet he wanted One World peopled by a race of cosmopolitans. But he suffered some confusion of identity between himself and the average person. Potentially everyone was Wells for him. Building around himself a world which gave him freedom, enrichment, a wealth of affection, he assumed this private world could be projected into public affairs with equally happy results.

The contradictions, as Mr. Brome says, were obvious. He should by birth have been a rebel believing in the class war, yet he believed in a voluntary nobility. Believing in science, he invented mystical Utopias. Believing in collectivism, he broke with individual violence out of every group he joined. A planner, he was careless of form and oblivious of practice, and all his plans had the emotional quality of works of art. What were the plans but stories wrecked by the never resolved conflict between science and art in him, and which he had first felt at his scientific lectures as a young man, when he slipped out of the lecture room to read tales in the library? It was his great chance and, very luckily, he muffed it. One suspects he could never sufficiently punish that genius which had made the great educator impervious to the grind of education.

V. S. PRITCHETT

HOUGHTON HOUSE

Behind the elms, sunlight on ripe grey stone,
The blue-green grass, the slow gold of the bracken,
A glow of ruined Jacobean fluting
Whose separate bricks have weathered into one.

The towers speak pride, intellect, devotion;
The grass-floored hollow halls direct to peace:
The whole great building seems, in stone and space,
A huge machine to generate emotion.

But slow the emotions rise, and incomplete
Roused not by symbol nor stone beauty's daze,
But by the watching ancestors who raise
The creative past, the centuries of weight

On the formulating centre of my brain.
—And then the patterns of responses die
Caught in that unpredictability
Only the verse can hold and perhaps explain.

ROBERT CONQUEST

A VIOLIN CONCERTO

Now is the focus of all hopes:
She poises on the topmost stair;
And many-candled many-tongued
Anticipation buoys her there.
Her beauty is her own spotlight;
As she descends, the talking dies;
And crystal lustres shine no more
Than tears that start in ladies' eyes.
Her face is lit with holy joy,
Her body moves in ice and flame;
He who looks into her eyes
Can understand the Trojan shame.

The hubbub of the strings subsides;
And now the final drums proclaim
The solo violin which sings
The union of ice and flame.
Courageous tune that like a girl
Can the listening crowd compel—
Perfection alone like this divides
The human soul from death and hell.
Wolfgang Mozart's violin
Leads me to the living stream;
There if I drink, the black abyss
Is no more troubling than a dream.

JAMES REEVES

MOUNTBATTEN IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

Report to the Combined Chiefs of Staff by the Supreme Allied Commander, South-East Asia 1943-1945. By VICE-ADMIRAL THE EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

In 1941 the forces of nationalism had been accumulating in South-East Asia for over thirty years and, though scarcely noticeable to the casual observer, they now amounted to an explosive charge. This charge was damped down by the Japanese occupation until the release of the countries by the Allies detonated it, and it blew large and fatal holes in the reimposed "colonial rule."

The conduct of the war in South-East Asia and the relationships between the military commands and the peoples of China, India, Burma, Malaya, Indo-China, Indonesia, and Siam constitute a most significant passage in history, and Lord Mountbatten's *Report*, though its emphasis is on strategy and operations, is bound to be a basic document whenever the history of this period is written or re-written. It is strange and regrettable, however, that it contains nothing about the administration of Malaya after liberation, and also regrettable if not so strange (considering the present super-sensitiveness of Dutch opinion), nothing about the liberation of Indonesia. But it does provide the most valuable evidence regarding the policy of Chiang Kai-shek, and regarding the period of the British military administration of Burma which preceded the return of the civil Governor and the quick attainment of Burmese independence.

The United States White Paper on *Relations With China* says:

> The reports of the U.S. military and diplomatic officers reveal a growing conviction through 1943 and 1944 that the Government and the Kuomintang . . . had sunk into corruption and a scramble for place and power and into a reliance on the U.S. to win the war for them and to preserve their own domestic superiority.

General Stilwell's verdict on the Generalissimo is still more precise:

> He will not make any effort to fight seriously. He wants to finish the war coasting, with a big supply of material so as to perpetuate his regime. He blocked us for three years, and will continue to do so.

Lord Mountbatten's *Report* contributes a formidable body of evidence to confirm these judgments. The Generalissimo, it is perfectly clear, gave the very minimum of co-operation in the campaign in Burma, concentrating always on his domestic battle with the Communists.

Yet his was the regime which, after 1945, the United States backed from disaster to disaster, pouring endless armaments and treasure into its voracious maw, indirectly arming the Communists and ensuring their eventual victory at the cost of bringing death and suffering to millions of Chinese, and of turning the Chinese people into a bitter and quite unnecessary enemy. But for this policy, the new China might well have looked towards the West for economic and cultural aid and guidance instead of to Russia.

The policy of the British Government towards Burma was, on liberation, to fit it as quickly as possible for Dominion status. But the Burmese had other ideas, and the situation was complicated by the fact that sections of the population had risen against the Japanese with the approval of Lord Mountbatten and of the War Cabinet. Technically, of course, Burma's war leaders who had collaborated with the Japanese were traitors, and none could have been a greater traitor than Aung San, the head of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League. But despite pressure on the part of members of his civil affairs staff, Lord Mountbatten refused to arrest Aung San or to declare the A.F.P.F.L. illegal. In the light of subsequent happenings, this decision can only be regarded as exceedingly wise, for the Burmese were determined on quick and unconditional independence, and to have taken a vindictive course against their chosen leaders, though it might have delayed the necessity of granting Burma its independence, would have soured the relations between Britain and Burma. The good will of Asian peoples towards the West is vastly more important than any strategical or practical consideration whatsoever—a truth, alas, which so many Western politicians have yet to learn.

The policy of the Allies towards the new Asia was considerably influenced by the personalities of the Allied commanders, and there could scarcely have been a greater contrast than there was between the three commanders in this Pacific theatre of war. Lord Mountbatten, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*, aimed to rule with aristocratic camaraderie. In Kandy or Singapore he was often to be seen in an admiral's brass-hat, white shirt and shorts, driving himself about in a jeep, sometimes with the Supremo's limousine hurrying after him and ready at hand for more formal use. He mixed freely with all ranks, and with equal urbanity presided at an official dinner or swopped yarns over a tankard in an N.C.O.'s mess. His staff meetings, conducted quarter-deck fashion, showed that he knew how to spice the serious with the theatrical. But while his civil acts were calculated to disarm the most suspicious Labour back-bencher, he accorded an almost Victorian respect to "degree, priority and place," and saw to it that not even the most dubious princeling went without his salute of one or twenty guns. He sought, so it seemed, to marry in himself the royal and the egalitarian. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell nicknamed him the "Glamour Boy," but, on their very first encounter, capitulated to his charm. "Louis," he wrote in October 1943, "is a good egg . . . very cordial and friendly." Later on, when the war of policies and the clash of personalities came to a head, he modified his opinion a trifle—"Louis is after my scalp. He is playing the 'Empah game,' and will take no chances." (This was in September 1944.) But he did not withdraw his tribute to the charm of the Supremo.

General MacArthur, at Brisbane, lived mostly in cast-iron seclusion in his suite at Lennon's Hotel, but every once in a while he would make a dazzling appearance. Suddenly, before a battery of coincidental cameras, he would emerge, a blaze of colour straight from the glossiest of magazines, more real than life or than Campbell's luscious soups—padded shoulders, inflated chest, high-arched cap with enormous badge, and underneath it the life-mask of an exalted mission, grim, humourless and blank like the avatar of an Iroquois tribal chief or something even holier. In the far-off American press he was the object of an extravagant hero-worship; in his own headquarters his name was mentioned with awe and bated breath: among large sections of his own forces he inspired a dangerous degree of dislike and resentment.

At Chungking, the short, slight, well-proportioned, dried-up mummy of a man with bright, staring eyes which looked as if they had been doped with belladonna, rapping out *hao, hao, hao* to visitors like a nervous and impatient machine-gun, was Chiang Kai-shek, plotting against his fellow Chinese and against no one else in particular. He behaved with an autocracy which brooked no questioning, and in the words of the White Paper, "shut himself off from Chinese officials who gave him unpalatable advice."

That these three men were British, American and Chinese respectively is a matter of pure accident; that they have stood so far for entirely different things is no accident at all. MacArthur and Chiang give the appearance of being bent on making war on China and Asia with it: Lord Mountbatten, on the other hand, had the good fortune to be the leading figure in the last great act in the "Empah game," the handing over of India to its people in such a way that Britain and India became firm friends. It is to be hoped that the Supremo's destiny will more and more be concerned with such constructive peace-making policies.

VICTOR PURCELL

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WILLIAM HODGE

BIOLOGICAL PENGUINS

A Dictionary of Biology. By M. ABERCROMBIE, C. J. HICKMAN and M. L. JOHNSON. *Penguin.* 2*s.*

Animals Without Backbones. By RALPH BUCHSBAUM. *Penguin.* 2 vols, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

To-day, words like *cell, enzyme, heredity, hormone, reflex, vitamin* occur frequently—too frequently?—in the conversation and writing of educated people, but their precise meaning is not so often clear or understood. For evidence, look around. Those who wish to use such terms with accuracy can now do so at the cost of two shillings and a little intensive study. The *Dictionary of Biology* is designed to have two functions: to explain biological terms to laymen and to define for students "the thousand or so words which so grimly guard the approaches to the science." The total number of entries is acually about two thousand. Many students will have cause to be grateful to the compilers (two zoologists and one botanist), but it is the laymen—including those whose work is on the fringes of biological science—who should profit most.

This dictionary is not an exercise in semantics: the authors disclaim any critical function; their task is to decribe how terms are in fact used to-day, by biologists. (The problem of selection was clearly a difficult one: *butterfly, drone* and *eel* are, curiously enough, all missing, but this may be excused by their presence in the Pocket Oxford Dictionary.) The authors do, however, provide long, encyclopaedic entries on terms of special importance. Here, for instance, is the first paragraph of an entry of three pages:

> *Gene* (*Hereditary factor*). A unit of inherited material; recognised by its constant effect on the development of any individual bearing it, other conditions of developments being constant; highly stable (though occasionally mutates). The theory of the gene is as follows.

There are ten drawings or diagrams (rather faintly printed in the review copy) each illustrating more than one entry in the text.

Between *Sexual Selection* and *Ship-Worm* we find: "*Shellfish.* Fishmonger's term for shelled molluscs and crustaceans." For more information on these and many other creatures we turn to Dr. Buchsbaum's survey of the ninety-five per cent. of animal species which make up the Invertebrata. The list of chapter headings suggests a fairly conventional textbook of zoology, but a look at the illustrations shows something quite different and original. Nearly every page has at least one line drawing, always clear and informative, often beautiful, all drawn for the book by Elizabeth Buchsbaum. The style of the drawings, with their bold outlines, skilled use of stippling and their simplicity make them particularly appropriate for Penguin typography (though they were not originally designed for that purpose). Some depict the animals in action; others show life histories or anatomy diagrammatically. Each volume has also a 64-page gravure inset, with superb photographs of a great variety of living animals, some shown at every stage from egg to adult.

This lavish illustration is not a mere embellishment. It is strictly relevant to the text. And the text itself is lucid and readable in a way rare in scientific writing.

> Hookworm disease in the United States is confined largely to rural parts of the south-eastern states, where millions are affected . . . The symptoms of the disease are widely known: anaemia, laziness, and general lack of physical and mental energy. These conditions lead to a retardation of physical and mental development, so that an infected child of fifteen years may appear to be only ten years old. The "poor white trash" of the south have suffered such inefficiency for generation after generation. The resulting poverty, ignorance and deterioration of culture only accentuate the condition. The fact that these poor people have been held in contempt by their more fortunate neighbours, who attribute the condition to "natural-born shiftlessness", has not been helpful.

This passage illustrates the attention paid to human applications. *Animals Without Backbones* is, however, a work of scientific natural history rather than of applied biology. Phenomena of special strangeness or interest, such as animal luminescence or the regenerative abilities of various worms, are discussed apart from the systematic survey of the various invertebrate groups. And there are adequate descriptions of experimental results as well as of observations in the field.

In one type of experiment a table is put near a beehive, and on the table are placed cards of different colours. On each card is set a glass vessel filled with water, and sugar is added to the water in one vessel—say, the one on the blue card. In its excursions a bee finds the sugar water and, while busily feeding, is marked with paint, so that it can be recognised. After the bee has made several trips between the table and the hive, the sugar water is switched to the yellow card. The bee then returns to the blue card as before, even if the card is moved to another position on the table, showing that the bee is reacting to colour and not to position or odour.

There is a strong movement to-day towards representing the "wonders of nature" as phenomena not to be gaped at uncritically, but to be closely observed and investigated by carefully designed experiment. Dr. Buchsbaum shows, with exceptional skill, that this method can produce not only material benefit by increasing our control over our environment but also enjoyment for large numbers of non-specialists.

ANTHONY BARNETT

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

English Stories from New Writing. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Reading this memorial volume of short stories from *New Writing* has been like attending the last speech day of a rival public school. My own work owed its first appearance to *Horizon*, and I was, therefore, like the conventional "old boy," not easily able to observe its ending with impartiality. Around the present volume, however, there have sounded clearly the familiar phrases of the end of term speech: "a truly remarkable year," "venture to claim that much of the best that is embodied in our age," "where all have worked so well it would be invidious to name individuals. If nevertheless I must select for mention . . . do not let the anonymous heroes think for a moment that their efforts are any the less appreciated," "in an age of anxieties only too keenly realised, when the works of the intellect and the spirit might too easily have fallen neglected and utterly vanished, you by your efforts have kept alive . . . ", "none of this, however, and here I must refuse to regard his shaking of the head, would have been possible without the hard work and the faith of the headmaster." All these customary phrases and a hundred more must inevitably attend one's reading of these short stories selected from the pages of *New Writing*—inevitably, and, what is perhaps less usual at end of term ceremonies, with complete sincerity.

These stories are, in fact, with a few exceptions, representative of the best English writing of the last fifteen years. During the immediate pre-war years of public sloth and of private anguish and heroism, *New Writing* gave expression to the thoughts and emotions of the numerically grossly underestimated intelligent people of the country, and gave that expression in forms which were seldom too esoteric or cleverly cliqueish to awaken response. Alone, perhaps, in the literary world it appreciated the vast reservoir of unfed appetite that was emerging from years of extended higher education. One has only to remember the many absorbed figures—civilian and service—whom *New Writing* distracted from the overcrowded carriages of the war-time trains, in order to pay tribute to the part it played in combating the monotony, the loneliness and the mental starvation of those years. No other publication seemed so completely to bridge the gap between the old and the new intelligentsia. That it declined, perhaps, in the post-war years is due not a little, I would suggest, to a failure to maintain this

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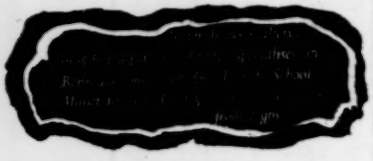

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essential bridge. A slightly apologetic note in the editor's reference to the Left-wing movement of the Thirties suggests the now familiar retreat of the intellectuals from the Welfare State which so many of *New Writing* readers had voted into existence. For the older upper-middle-class intelligentsia, the spiritual and intellectual voids of post-war society were all-absorbing. They had hoped, perhaps too much, for the fervour of 1848. But in their very justifiable distress before this spiritual abyss, they failed to see the vital importance of material security and decency to their new associates. The task was surely to fill the new social order with the values it lacked, not to turn away from it. "All this," the old intelligentsia has tended to say, "is not heaven." Yet, perhaps, it is not so entirely wilful, as it is fashionable to preach in intellectual circles to-day, for so many to demand "all this and heaven too." However, even if *New Writing*, must share in the common guilt of intellectuals for our present distresses, its vital achievement in the pre-war and war years stand unquestioned. There can be few more enviable literary successes than that of its editor.

It seems essential for the critic to establish this note of speech-day unstinted praise before inquiring more closely into the exact intellectual and artistic nature of the New Writing era, for without it, such an inquiry must inevitably seem not only ungracious but, in great degree, unjust. To discuss these twenty-four short stories must, indeed, be to discuss the achievement of English fiction in the last fifteen years, for all but a few of the important writers of that period are included among their authors. The quality of writing, the formal approach, the intellectual and emotional pre-occupations represent the main features of the post-Huxley era. There are the common virtues of sharp visual observation, of attention to style, of restraint, and of compassion. The approach is always serious, seldom pompous. There are the common vices of monotony, flatness and over-careful good taste, the last as much marked in emotional approach as in consciously discreet writing. Heightened sensibility and exact observation too often produce brilliant, but insignificant, reportage, though most of the twenty-four writers represented in the present collection are too skilful to fall deeply into this pitfall. Compassion that is too carefully restrained results sometimes in a particular sort of bitter courage that comes very close to hardness or self-pity. This is particularly true of the women contributors, for whom the charges of sentimentality, of indulgence in personal emotion in face of social responsibility seem to be constant bogies. Miss Bowen's "Mysterious Kôr," for example, is among her best stories, but it is marred by a note of responsible stoicism that robs it of humanity. Miss Julia Strachey's "Pioneer City" is a mine of brilliant observation and has considerable formal merit, but the avoidance of sentiment for those she sees as misguided gives it a disturbing note of hardness and self-pity. Even Miss Rosamond Lehmann's brilliant "Red-Haired Miss Daintreys" is subdued to avoid those wonderful flashes of violence, that great sense of climax that make *The Ballad and the Source*, in my view, one of the few novels of the last twenty years with the "affect" of the great English nineteenth-century novels. After so many tumbrils of icy, fearless duchesses and baronnes, one yearns a little for the humanity of poor, common Madame du Barry's screams and struggles in the face of the inevitable.

Mr. Lehmann, in his preface, rightly notes in these stories an "awareness of a lack of wholeness in the culture of our time, and experience that was the result of an attempt to break down barriers." The keynote of the New Writing era is a sense of loneliness, a failure in contact, a breakdown of love in the sense that Myshkin used that word. Through most of these stories runs the anonymous "I," the author, the ineffectual, observing, suffering intellectual—no longer the detached observer, the Theodore Gumbril of *Antic Hay*, but a figure torn by pity, loneliness, and anxiety, restrained and deadened by a neurosis, that is no longer violent, but is so ever present that it forms a paralysis of the will. No figure could so adequately introduce us to this world as Herr Christoph, Herr Isseyvoo of "The Nowaks." Every subsequent short-story writer must have been influenced by this tale, yet, read again, it underlines the failure of resolution, of total shape. To follow the Isherwood path leads to reportage—most brilliantly presented in Mr. Alun Lewis's "Ward 03(b)" or the story by Mr. Alec Guiness. Some have sought to avoid the impasse by symbol—Mr. Orwell, Mr. Sommerfield—others have been content to note the agony—Mr. Denton Welch. Some like Mr. Newby or Mr. Chaplin have tried to objectify, and have fallen into pastiche Bennett or early Lawrence. First-rate though all these are, the real successes, in my opinion, lie with those who have tried to resolve their agony—in three of the best short stories I have read—Mr. Sansom's "How Claeys Died," Mr. Jocelyn Brooke's "The Blanket," and Mr. Anthony Thorne's wonderful "A Dark Red Chrysanthemum." Each in turn has let up on restraint and allowed his emotions their vent—Mr. Sansom in bitter anger, Mr. Brooke in joy, Mr. Thorne in grief. Personally I regret that an anthology of this kind should be marred by the inclusion of a piece of incongruous and esoteric high-jinks like Mr. Gurnard's "Poet's Excursion."

ANGUS WILSON

FROM THE GREEK

Greek Poetry for Everyman. Chosen and translated by F. L. LUCAS. *Dent.* 16s.

Opinions differ very widely on the methods and merits of translations. Indeed it seems possible to make out a reasonable case both for and against almost any translation that has been made. This is particularly so with regard to the translation of poetry, and even more particularly so with regard to the translation of Greek poetry. Here, for example, verbal inaccuracies can be defended on the ground that the translator is correctly interpreting a mood, and great scholars, secure in their acknowledged learning, can give the freest rein to their inordinate imaginations. Then, apart from the question of sense, there is the question of style. Again there are endless difficulties, and again it seems impossible to lay down the law. Though we may contend, for instance, that Aeschylus should not be made to remind us of Swinburne, it does not necessarily follow that he should be translated so as to appear like T. S. Eliot.

In this new and well produced book of Greek poetry in English, Mr. Lucas has done more than merely to translate—though of course it is the translation which chiefly matters. But before approaching this delicate and vexed question, one should record a debt of gratitude for a general enthusiasm which appears not only in the translations themselves, but in the profuse and stimulating notes. Mr. Lucas certainly possesses the most important of all qualities that we look for in a translator, the conviction that there is nothing dead about the language which he translates. His running commentaries on their enormous range of poetry (from Homer to Joannes Barbucallus), are always vivid, perceptive and interesting—even when one does not agree. The whole vast prospect is alive for Mr. Lucas, and so he can make it live for others.

Another important achievement is in the very size of the work. All the dramatists are omitted, and Mr. Lucas informs us that they are waiting for another volume. One regrets the obvious necessity for their exclusion, since no panoramic view of Greek poetry is possible without them, and a somewhat false impression must be given when in a volume entitled *Greek Poetry* three out of the four greatest poets find no place. Yet the room is well filled. Nearly half the book goes to Homer. Then there is Hesiod, the early lyric poets, Pindar and other poets of the fifth century. Some forty pages are devoted to the Alexandrians

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and another forty to the Roman and early Byzantine period.

The greater part of the translations are from Hexameters and Mr. Lucas uses a metre taken from the ordinary ballad metre (though with the four lines printed as two). It is the metre used by William Morris in his *Sigurd*. Mr. Lucas ably defends his choice. Personally I still find the metre jumpy, and I think that Mr. Lucas has done less than justice to Chapman by quoting in his Preface what must be the worst lines that Chapman ever wrote. My own taste too is away from rhyme. In my opinion Mr. Lucas's translations of some of Sappho into his own metre are more successful than his more anglicised versions. But this is a matter of taste and I am sure that many will think in many ways on it. It is in the nature of translation that no one can applaud perfection: we can certainly welcome achievement.

REX WARNER

NEW NOVELS

The Consul at Sunset. By GERALD HANLEY. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Long the Imperial Way. By HANAMA TASAKI. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Deluge. By IAN NIALL. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Flame in the Air. By ALLAN PRIOR. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hanley, who comes from Ireland, worked on a ranch in East Africa before the war. He then joined the Army, and after serving in Africa took part in the Burma campaign, about which he wrote a book called *Monsoon Victory*. *The Consul at Sunset*, which has an African background, is his first novel. This is, to use a modest phrase, a good book; and being a good book it is thoroughly disturbing. Mr. Hanley possesses all the talents that enable people to write novels: his story is expertly constructed and well narrated, is fitted with an exciting plot, and contains credible characters drawn with much subtlety. What particularly distinguishes him and raises him above the mediocre is the quality of the moral feeling with which his book is charged. Objectifying in a mature way the doubts and conflicts that must beset any deeply sensitive white person living in the African continent, and communicating them with the extra power that comes from genuine spiritual torment, he compels us to become involved in his suffering; and something of permanent value is gained from our implication in it.

The scene of the story is El Ashang, a village in one of Italy's North African colonies. The territory has recently been occupied by the British, who will administer it until the war is over and its ultimate fate is decided. Very typically they use one man where the Italians used one hundred. In El Ashang there are two British officers and a few native soldiers, and their task is to keep the peace between two rival tribes who are continuing a perennial dispute about their mutually exclusive rights to certain water-holes. Captain Turnbull, representing the military authority, is aware of the danger of an actual outbreak of hostilities and is anxious to use force to prevent it; he is a ranker, a hard Cromwellian character, and although he is liberal enough to play football with the native troops he is very touchy about British prestige. Captain Milton, however, who is the political officer and therefore his superior, is a weak man who has been demoralised by his infatuation for his black mistress; rather than offend the tribe to which she belongs he conceals the true state of affairs from the Colonel at Headquarters and temporises in the hope that nothing will happen until after he has been relieved.

Trouble breaks out on the day his successor, a Captain Sole, arrives. Sole, the most interesting character in the book, restrains Turnbull as Milton did, but for different reasons; he is a humane man who has lost faith in the civilising mission of the Empire he represents.

> He saw it [the Empire] in the future as a huge slum on the edge of the West, Negroes in torn trousers leaning against tin shacks, the whites of their eyes gone yellow, hands miserably in their pockets, tired of vice, sullen with boredom, and gone in the teeth. And the white women twittering with excited anxiety as they imagined the dark, powerful river of African seed outside the window, the flat throb of the drums like the savage heartbeat of the new Africa, the ruined beast . . . Better to be some kind of craftsman who could teach the Africans how to lay bricks, or a doctor, an expert on soil erosion, but not a white man with a message.

He puts more trust in reason and sympathy than in Turnbull's machine gun, and he fails. After his failure he says of himself:

> I am weak. I am not able to decide what is right. I am like so many others to-day, anxious to give justice to all but unable to say what justice is.

Colonel Casey, who then arrives on the scene, knows exactly what justice is. He is a representative of an older generation untroubled by intellectual doubts about the right to govern and the methods of government; and in a short time, satisfactorily demonstrating his theory that it takes a gentleman to deal with savages, he tidies everything up. This Colonel, incidentally, is a most attractive person, Mr. Hanley being intelligent enough and objective enough to endow him with charm and intelligence. Indeed one of the remarkable features of this book is Mr. Hanley's imaginative insight into alien minds, white and black alike. He rivals another Irish writer, Mr. Joyce Cary, in his seemingly intuitive understanding of the Africans.

It will be seen from this crude outline of the story that its dramatic interest lies in the characters of the four white men and in their opposed conceptions of their moral responsibilities. The tragedy at the heart of it is the failure of Sole, a good man representing an authority he does not believe in, who is influenced by motives wholly courageous and good to act weakly, and through his weakness to cause more suffering than that which he sought to avoid. And this tragic failure, as Mr. Hanley hints, has a significance that extends far beyond a minor colonial outpost in the North African desert.

Mr. Tasaki has also lost faith in the message of his Empire—or so it would seem. He is a Japanese, brought up in Hawaii, who has written, in good but not flawless English, a novel based on his experiences as a young conscript in the Japanese war against China. *Long the Imperial Way* is really a detailed account of life in the Japanese Army—an account humanised by the device of following the fortunes of one particular private and the members of his platoon throughout three years of campaigning in the Northern and Southern provinces. Though tedious in many places, principally where the human interest is kept alive, the book is worth reading, for it gives at first hand what is undoubtedly an accurate picture of one of the strangest, cruellest, and most disciplined religious organisations the world has ever seen. Mr. Tasaki is scrupulous in covering nearly all the limited aspects of active army service: visits to brothels, fatigues, a drunken orgy, a skirmish, a battle, the looting and burning of a village, a voyage in a troopship and a landing from the sea, comradeship. It is to his credit that he successfully engages our sympathy on behalf of many of his characters without in any way trying explicitly to excuse their worst behaviour. The objectivity of his reporting is even a little disconcerting.

The Deluge brings us back to England, back to those village homes of English fiction, and perhaps of reality, where husbands and wives seldom have a kind word to say to each other. Mr. Niall, a skilful but not very subtle writer, opens his story with the description of a reservoir which is about to overflow and burst its dam. Only the crazy prophet of the village below it, another madman, and ourselves know that before the end of the book the disaster will happen, though several inhabitants of the doomed village are also uneasy. Having disposed of the central plot, Mr. Niall conducts us round the village and reveals the domestic worries of individual villagers until we are persuaded, unintentionally no doubt, that for most of them death by water will be a merciful release.

Fire is the element of *A Flame in the Air*, Mr. Prior's first novel. A radio script-writer, asked to do a feature about a fire, decides to re-enact the tragedy in which two of his friends lost their daughter, thinking it might help to heal the bitterness that has since estranged them. His meddling causes a tragedy worse than the first. From his method of telling this unlikely story one would guess that Mr. Prior had been studying the early novels of Mr. Balchin. If the plot were more exciting his book would be quite a good parody of them.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

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At first sight, Mr. Bell's is one of these books. Its title, its sub-title (*Scottish Bens to Alpine Peaks*) and its arrangement, with Scottish expeditions preceding Alpine, surely all imply a progress from lesser to greater. Yet never, in the text, is there any suggestion of incompleteness about the mountains of home. The expeditions described are not in chronological order, but we can infer that Mr. Bell came back from every visit to the Alps convinced that the Highlands had been in no way diminished. It is clear, too, that many of his best Scottish expeditions—the Eagle Ridge of Lochnagar, the Observatory Ridge of Ben Nevis in winter—were as exacting as anything he did in the Alps. His book is planned as more than a record of personal experience: it is also a compendium of information and advice, and the climbs described have been carefully picked to

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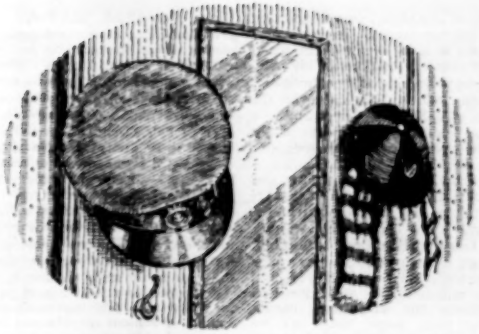

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illustrate a variety of conditions and techniques, to give the feel of different ranges. An enthusiastic novice could feed on it for months, stimulated by its narrative to plan explorations of his own, absorbing its wisdom, pondering on the significance of the splendid illustrations. No lesson on the varying conditions of a Scottish climb could be more effective than the two photographs of the Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis, one in summer, one under snow.

As for Mr. Murray, he is dead against this notion of the mountains of Scotland as stepping-stones to higher things. He has climbed in the Alps, he has recently come back from a season's exploration in the Garwhal Himalaya, but for him there is never a trace of the second-best about the Highlands. Admittedly, since our native glaciers disappeared some millennia ago, there are some mountain experiences the Highlands cannot give; but within their scope they can be wholly satisfying. This is his implied thesis, as it was of his earlier *Mountaineering in Scotland*, and his proof is in the twenty-one admirable, and admirably illustrated, chapters which take us out in every season, every weather, and under all conditions. Mr. Murray has the enviable knack of tying his readers on to his rope: we shiver in our steps as he cuts up the ice-glazed slabs of Twisting Gully on Bidean nam Bian; delightedly we follow him up the splendid holds above the rowan-tree on the Forgotten Wall of Aonach Dubh; with complete satisfaction we relax on the top of Cir Mhor in Arran after three wonderful sunny hours on the granite of the Rosa Pinnacle. Mr. Murray knows just how much feeling and perception contribute to the total experience of such days. My only quarrel with his taut, nervous writing is that he does too much explaining of his sensations. I much prefer his description of a midwinter, midnight walk along the Aonach Eagach Ridge, with the Northern Lights playing across the sky, where the scene is evoked and the beauty is implied in the description, to his recurrent passages of analysis of the nature of beauty. I agree with his conclusions: but in a book of this kind, I think they are most effectively made when not too rationally insisted on: as, in poetry, significance strikes us more memorably through an image than in a direct statement.

This wholeness of experience to be gained from Scottish hills is, however, only one part of Mr. Murray's thesis: the other is that these hills are still a paradise for the explorer. Technically unknown, they are not: possibly the only major climbing discovery recorded here is the Aonach Dubh wall. But exploration depends on the mood of the explorer quite as much as on the virginity of the terrain. Go in winter to mountains you only know in summer and see the utter transformation, in looks and in difficulty, that ice and snow can make. Go to places as seldom visited as the island of Rum or the wild moors round Ben Alder; but go also to a glen as well known as Affric, and, if it is new to you, as it was to Mr. Murray when he camped there for five days one April, it is undiscovered. If you come fresh to a mountain, and the rock isn't all white with boot-scratches, and your mind not scored by too much reading in guide-books, then you can enjoy, to a considerable extent, the pleasures of the pioneer. In this book, Mr. Murray has a chapter on Garbh Bheinn in Ardgour. It is not an easy mountain to get at, but his narrative makes me eager to climb it. Mr. Murray has also written an excellent detailed guide to Garbh Bheinn for the S.M.C. I rather think that the moral of *Undiscovered Scotland* is that when eventually I cross the Corran Ferry, I should *not* have his guide-book in my rucksack.

JANET ADAM SMITH

The Right of the Child: A Chapter in Social History. By EDWARD FULLER. *Gollancz*. 9s. 6d.

The vague title of this book covers an interesting account of a remarkable woman, Eglantyne Jebb, and of the two great achievements of her life, the Save The Children Fund, and the Declaration of the Rights of the Child. Mr. Fuller recalls that after the first World War, it was the dreadful plight of the child victims of the blockade that first startled the victors out of their national hatreds. Miss Jebb's appeal to forget enmities in saving the starving child touched an awakening conscience and secured a dramatic response. Within three years the Fund had raised over £1,300,000 and within five it was firmly established in its present position as one of the greatest international organisations for child welfare. Eglantyne Jebb's gift for attracting the support of outstanding personalities and her even more remarkable capacity for uniting warring religious sects in the service of the child, was the basis of the Fund's initial success. To her was due as well the policy of fostering enterprises such as nursery schools and the teaching of child welfare to primitive people; the adoption of a brief charter of children's rights, for which Miss Jebb was again responsible, by the League of Nations in 1924 was held to be another triumph. Although the value of paper declarations was probably overestimated in the Twenties, this agreed statement on a common standard of child care may well have helped to preserve traces of humanity even during the second World War. Social students will be interested to note that in the Declaration of 1924 all mention of the family was omitted, but by 1950, when the Declaration was re-affirmed by the United Nations, a clause dealing with the family had been added. Experience had taught the danger of treating a child as an isolated unit. Mr. Fuller's tightly packed little book forms an excellent record of activities and aspirations of which any nation might be proud.

A Short History of the Second World War. By STRATEGICUS. *Faber*. 10s.

During the course of the war "Strategicus" was responsible for a service of intelligent, quick interpretations of almost contemporary events. Now, with five years of uneasy peace between him and his subject, he stands back and tries to combine in a single volume, not merely a condensed history of the whole war in all its theatres, but an attempt to place the war, as a "prolongation of policy by other means" in its social and political setting. Good cobblers set an example which military commentators should follow. Little fault can be found with "Strategicus's" treatment of the actual campaigns; and, though occasionally a price has to be paid for the extreme compression involved, he gives a coherent and balanced picture of the global struggle. It is when he comes to political judgments that his departure from the military "last" is less successful. His criticism of Churchill for abandoning Mihailovitch is as unconvincing as his complaint that Roosevelt's suspicion of "British Imperialism" was responsible for American opposition to full-scale invasion of Europe from the South and for handing over half the Continent to the Russians.

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Week-end Competitions

No 1,096

Set by G. de Vavasour

The poetry most widely read to-day (observers report) consists of simple verses of homely philosophy, *printed to resemble prose*. Prizes are offered for a message of solace and uplift, presented in this form, and addressed to any of the following: an author whose novel or play has been badly reviewed; a modern poet whose sales are small; a parent distressed by his or her children's biological queries; the only child in the school who hasn't a television set; a traveller who has been humiliated at the customs; or anyone unable to obtain a flat. Twelve lines of verse to be embraced in the passage. Entries by March 6.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,093

Set by Gerald Giradot

February as a month has been somewhat neglected by the poets. The usual prizes are offered for a poem or extract from a poem (limit twelve lines) called February Filldyke that might have been written by one of the following: Gerard Manley Hopkins, Edward Thomas, D. H. Lawrence, Hardy, De La Mare, W. H. Auden.

Report by Gerald Giradot

This competition evidently gave great pleasure, to judge by the number of the contestants. The number of "good shots" was very high indeed. Edward Thomas I had thought particularly suitable for February and was disappointed at the few who attempted him. Only Alan Russell came near the spirit of him. The spirit (tactfully exaggerated of course) was what one looked for, but I was quite prepared to accept direct parody if it hit the mark. In this line A. M. P. (address please) came near enough to deserve a consolation prize. Others who came near quotation were M. M. Thomson, Conventina, B. M. Bennett, Piers Plowman, Derek Jewell, and Isobel Cummings. Old favourites win the prizes; one and a half guineas to J. R. Till, R. J. P. Hewison and Edward Blishen, half a guinea consolation prize to the other three printed.

THOMAS HARDY

Only a crow,
A hazel twig beak-bearing
But not in joyance rich,
Will soon, I trow, be tearing
Nest from ditch.

Only a gleam
Of sunlight pauper-living
Pierces the doom-warped cloud;
'Tis February giving
Earth her shroud.

J. R. TILL

D. H. LAWRENCE

February,
You think grey unnecessary month,
Wet and horrible and utterly unnecessary.

What do you think you are doing, February,
Snowless and sunless, you snotty-nosed slinker,
Sliding your grey, wet way into the year,
So unnecessary!

You just say over and over again in your thin wet voice
That winter's here—not the white-rose-snow-time
Which is the best of winter—but
Winter's unnecessary ignominious dwindling.

Damn you! as if we didn't know it!

EDWARD BLISHEN

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Praiséd be God for February rain,
Fill dyke, flushmeadow, floatark, when from lower
Of skies stippled, dun-dappled, black-grey-hatched, shower
Cleanly descends on our oh in need of cleansing plain.
Restitution here repents. Lént's the fit, fasting-fit, tear-washed reason of

Racing these level with, rival with its rim stream.
Root-minced tree's tumble, eddy-gashed clay's fall,
is water's seisin of
Earth, earth's of water, in foam's yellow cream.
But *this*, my Moses, bank, *these* rushes rain-spent
dawn to dark,
Wind-worried, flood-tugged into turbulent water,
No footing offer for a Pharaoh's fair daughter,
No haven, hid harbour, mooring for your pitched
wattle ark. R. S. P. HEWISON

WALTER DE LA MARE

The shine of rain on evening earth
Winter's long, grieving breath distilled.
Glistened the arching bower. The dusk
With tears was filled.

Called there a thicket-prisoned bird.
His voice—a viol—told forlorn
All that in air or water was.
Stirred the dark thorn.

Strange ichor flowed within the veins
Of leaves fast-locked in fathomed swoon.
Burned in amaze the coltsfoot's small
Frayed golden moon . . .

PAMELA COLEBOURN

W. H. AUDEN

February nights are long,
Longer still are love and death;
And the feeble and the strong
Sadly, sadly draw their breath.

Sadly, sadly hear the rain
Dripping from the nursery roof,
After every night of pain,
After every day of proof.

February nights are wild,
Close your eyes and try to sleep:
Round the unresponsive child
The indifferent shadows creep. M. P.-R.

WALTER DE LA MARE

Who said " Fill the dyke " ?
" I " said the B.B.C.
" I ordered a deep depression
In time for tea."

Who said " Hearts are trumps " ?
" I " said S. Valentine,
" I said hearts are trumps,
And the odd trick's mine."

Who said " an extra day " ?
" I did " said Leap.
" I said ' give 'em an extra day,
Marriage won't keep '." A. M. P.

CHESS: Roads to Rome

No. 73

They are all supposed to lead there; which is more than can be said about victory in Chess. As likely as not there will be one road only (if any) leading to that goal. Did we not see the other day—N. S. & N., January 20—how difficult it may be to win " a win ", to find that one road? Sometimes, though, we may enjoy the choice of more than one road—two at any rate; but we would be quite content to see one of them. Here is a case in point, a position reached by Kieninger (Black) against O'Kelly at Oldenburg, 1949. This is not quite so easy as it looks. It was Black's move, and Kieninger must have felt grateful for the presence of his opponent's other P. But for that, he saw no way to avoid the classical " book-draw " of a Q, unsupported by her own K, trying to cope with a RP advanced to his 7th. He played (1) Kt-B3; (2) K x Kt, P-B7; (3) P-R7 P queens ch 4) K-Kt7, Q-KR8 ch and O'Kelly resigned. Obviously, after snuggling up to the enemy K and cornering him, the Q can force mate at her QB1 via QB2, the stalemate being avoided thanks to the two P-moves left to White. When Paul Heuäcker, the study-composer happened to see that game, he was instantly reminded of this famous old study; and forthwith, he left no piece unturned and explored every square, file, and diagonal (to say nothing of the avenues), until he was satisfied that Kieninger, had he been blessed by the spirit of the great Henri Rinck, could have won his game much more elegantly, like this.

A: H. Rinck, 1911

(1) —	P-B7	(6) K-Kt7	Q-Q4 ch
(2) P-R7	P queens	(7) K-R7	Q-QR4 ch
(3) P queens	Q-QB5 ch	(8) K-Kt7	Kt-B4 ch
(4) K-Kt6	Kt-Q2 ch	(9) K-Kt8	Q-Q1 ch
(5) K-R7	Q-QR4 ch	(10) K-R7	Q-B2 ch, etc.

After this hint, broad enough to serve as a cue, the Rinck study may well be overrated with 5 points in this week's competition. Keres's endgame study, though, is anything but easy; a flawless analysis should well be worth 8 points. White to draw.

B: P. Keres, 1945

C: A. Gulaiev, 1949

After so many studies the problem-addicts may feel neglected. But in C they will find a 2-mover which, I think, is quite difficult enough to rate 7 points. Incidentally, it was a prize-winner in a recent U.S.S.R. competition.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 3

A: (1) P-Q4 ch, B x P. (2) Kt x P ch, Q x Kt. (3) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B5. (4) Q-Kt4 ch, K-Q4. (5) Q-Kt7 ch, K-K4. (6) Kt-B3 ch, K-B4. (7) Q-KR7 ch etc. If (4) . . . K-Q6. (5) Q-Kt1 ch, K-K6. (6) Kt-B5 ch etc. If (1) . . . K x P. (2) Kt-B3 ch, P x Kt. (3) Q-Q3 ch etc. If (1) . . . P x P e.p. (2) Kt x P ch, K-Q5. (3) Kt-B5 ch etc. If (2) . . . K-Q3 (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-B2. (4) Q-Kt6 ch etc.

B: (1) Kt-R7 ch, K-Kt1. (2) Kt-R6 ch, K-B1. (3) B x P, K-Kt2. (4) B x Kt, K x Kt. (5) P-B5 etc.

C: (1) R-R6 ch, followed by (2) B-Kt3 and (3) B-B6 (or a Kt-mate).

" . . . . . setting and idea seem quite new to me . . . . . a remarkable performance . . . . I shall certainly be on the lookout for Mr. Blandford's name in the future "—this is one of many bouquets arrived for the winner and for H. F. Moxon, the runner-up of our British Studies Competition. H. Rowson's study also got much praise, to say nothing of the compliment that some of our crack-solvers were among the considerable majority of competitors stumped by this even more than by one of the other two studies. The above-quoted eulogy comes from Fritiof Selander, the Swedish reader who inspired the competition and who, oddly enough, was the only one to see the author's solution (along with a flawless analysis of B. and C.). Fittingly he shares the week's prizes with D. E. Cohen, the only one to see the author's idea as well as the " cook " he discovered along with about a dozen other competitors. (They get full ladder-marks, of course.) I do not think that the dual (1) Kt x P ch, Q x Kt. (2) Q-Kt6 ch detracts from the beauty of Blandford's conception; in its main line it leads into one of the author's variations, and while missing several delightful subtleties it adds a new one (1) . . . K-Q5. (2) Kt-KB5 ch, K-K4. (3) P-Q4 ch.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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UNIVERSITY of Durham, Institute of Education. It is proposed to appoint either one or two Staff Tutors, in the fields of Drama, Music, Nature Study, or the Creative Use of Spoken and Written Language including Drama. The person or persons appointed would be expected to work either wholly or mainly in courses for teachers of young children. There are already three Staff Tutors engaged in these courses. Appointment within range of salary scale £500 rising annually by £50 to £1,100. F.S.S.U. superannuation and family allowance. Appointment from September 1, 1951. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham, with whom applications (ten copies), giving the names of not less than three referees, should be lodged by Friday, March 9, 1951.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Nigeria. A vacancy exists for a statistician in the Department of Agriculture on the staff of the Oil Palm Research Station at Benin, Nigeria. Duties will be to assist in planning and interpreting field experiment and progeny trials in connection with the Oil Palm Research programme and to organise the recording and treatment of routine statistical data. The appointment will be on three years' probation for permanent and pensionable employment. Salary scale, including pensionable expatriation pay, is £660 per annum to £1,300 with an efficiency bar at £860 and a promotion step at £1,146. War service and professional experience will determine the point of entry into the scale. In addition a temporary cost of living allowance is payable. Where Government quarters are provided, a sum varying from £60 to £90 a year is deducted for rent. Free passages are provided for the officer, his wife and up to two young children on first appointment and on leave. Income tax is at local rates which are very much lower than those in the United Kingdom. The tour of service is 18-24 months. Leave on full salary is granted at the rate of 7 days for each completed calendar month of resident service. Candidates must be under 40 and must possess a good Honours degree in an appropriate subject, preferably statistics, or mathematics with statistics. Practical experience in design of experiment work is desirable. Forms of application can be obtained from the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, to which completed applications should be submitted within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Education Officer in the North Western Division based in Manchester. Duties will involve visiting schools and holding meetings and discussions with teachers and with educational bodies. Academic qualifications and general educational experience of as wide a nature as possible are desirable. This should include experience of teaching in a school and a good knowledge of the educational system. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments of £30 to £915 (progression to a maximum of £965 per annum. Applications must be made on the prescribed form which, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position, may be obtained from the B.B.C. can be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope and mark correspondence 'Education, Manchester, N. Stm.' The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is 14 days from date of this insertion.

NATIONAL Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a post of Research Assistant in the Museum. Candidates must have a general knowledge of maritime history and art, including the historical side of naval architecture. Practical draughting experience would be an advantage. Interest in or experience with ship models would also be an advantage. Salary (for a man) £525 rising to £675. Salary for a woman would be somewhat lower. Further particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4004/51. Completed application forms must reach him not later than March 22, 1951.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Presentation Editor in the Television Service at Alexandra Palace. The duties of the post include supervision of the work of the Television Announcers (including their visual presentation), devising and writing of announcements and continuity material, and the supervision of the work of the Presentation Assistants. Starting salary £925 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £1,195 per annum. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Presentation Editor, N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped add. env.

NATIONAL Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointment to the Museum Higher Staff as Assistant Keeper Grade I (Deputy Director) and Assistant Keeper Grade II (for the Library). For the senior post candidates must be at least 30 years of age on January 1, 1951. For the junior post candidates must be at least 22 and under 26 years of age on January 1, 1951, with extension for Regular service in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other service in H.M. Forces or established civil service. For Assistant Keeper Grade I candidates should normally have a University degree with First or Second Class Honours or have reached the rank of Commander in the Royal Navy or hold an Extra Master's Certificate but candidates without these qualifications may be admitted if they are exceptionally well qualified otherwise; candidates must also show evidence of interest in maritime history generally. Administrative experience is essential, and museum or library experience would be an advantage. For Assistant Keeper, Grade II candidates should normally have a First or Second Class Honours degree, but candidates without such a degree may be admitted if they are exceptionally well qualified otherwise. In addition candidates must have library experience; knowledge of naval history or experience in historical research, and knowledge of languages, would be added advantages. For the senior post salary will start at £700 and rise to £1,150. For the junior post the salary scale is £400 rising to £600. Scales for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars and application form from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4005/51. Completed applications must reach him not later than March 20, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Institute of Education. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Lecturer in Education at a salary on the scale £550-£50-£1,100. The initial salary may be above the minimum according to the experience and qualifications of the selected candidate. The post will be tenable from September, 1951. Candidates should have special interests in Grammar School work. Applications (7 copies), giving the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than March 12, 1951.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Mauritius. Woman Nutrition Officer required to investigate and advise on nutrition problems and to instruct local personnel. Selected candidate will be engaged on agreement for three years. Salary scale £375 to £660, point of entry according to age, qualifications, and experience. Appropriate cost of living allowance. Free passages. Income tax at low local rates. Candidates should hold the Diploma in Dietetics. Experience in scientific or educational work and in dietary problems of a large hospital or educational institution is desirable. Further particulars and application forms available by writing to Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting reference 3/27321/2/50.

I.L.O. invites applications from men and women of British nationality, aged from 23 to 35 years, for a post of Member of Section in the Legal Division of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required (1) good general legal training and experience, particularly international law and a knowledge of constitutional law; (3) mother tongue English; (4) sufficient knowledge of French to read and compare texts; (5) willingness to travel. Languages will be taken into consideration. Closing date for applications is March 31, 1951. Further particulars and candidature forms may be obtained from the International Labour Office, 38-39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. "Duncroft," Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. (Approved School for 24 Senior Girls. The above School is for girls of 14 and upwards, who have been committed to an Approved School and are in need of psychiatric treatment. The School is the first of its kind in the country. A full-time or part-time fully qualified Psychiatric Social Worker (woman) is required. Clinical experience essential. Experience of social work with adolescent girls and interest in research an advantage. Applicants may be either single or married; applications from married women are welcomed. Salary within the scale £370 × £20 —£530. If desired accommodation can be provided for a payment at the rate of £78 per annum for accommodation and board. Applications to the Medical Director, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Advisory Officer for Music. Qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The main job of the person appointed will be to stimulate an interest in music, in listening to it but especially in making it, among adults and youth both in the villages and towns. Work in schools however will not be excluded. He will form part of a team of advisory officers already appointed for Art, Drama, Music and Crafts. Salary will be in accordance with Grade I of the Report of the Committee on Salary Scales and Service Conditions of Inspectors, Organisers and Advisory Staff of Local Education Authorities, i.e., £700 per annum by £25 to £850 (men) and £630 per annum by £20 to £750 (women). Consideration will be given to applications from registered disabled persons. Applications (no forms) with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials should be forwarded to the undersigned within fourteen days of the publication of this advertisement. Stewart C. Mason, Director of Education, County Education Office, Grey Friars, Leicester.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council. County Planning Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Junior Planning Assistant (Research), A.P.T. Grades I-IV, salary £390 to £525, on the established staff of the County Planning Department. Applicants should have a degree in Geography or Economics and should have had research experience. Canvassing directly or indirectly will be deemed a disqualification and relationship to any Member or Senior Officer of the Council must be disclosed. Particulars and conditions of the appointment (including lodging allowance) may be obtained from D. W. Riley, County Planning Officer, 41a Eastgate St., Stafford, to whom applications should be submitted by March 31st. T. H. Evans, Clerk of the County Council.

COUNTY of Cornwall. Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians for the posts of Branch Librarians at Launceston and St. Austell. Salary will be on Grade A.P.T. II to II (£390-£465), and the national conditions of service will apply. Both appointments are pensionable and the successful candidates will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, endorsed Library Vacancy, accompanied by the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Secretary for Education, County Hall, Truro, not later than March 2, 1951. R. Verger, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Truro.

SOCIAL Welfare Work and Housing. Vacancies exist for two housing enquiry officers on the temporary establishment of the Housing Department of the Lambeth Borough Council. Officers appointed will be required to carry out duties of interviewing applicants for housing accommodation either at the office or in their homes, preparing reports, assessing priority of need and assisting in the clerical work of the office. Experience and training in social welfare work would be an advantage. Salary in accordance with General Division of the National Scheme of Conditions of Service: age 21, £240 p.a. (men), £198 p.a. (women), rising to a maximum at age 32 of £415 p.a. (men) and £338 p.a. (women). No housing accommodation can be provided for the successful candidate. Application forms from Town Clerk, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2, to be returned not later than March 10, 1951.

PUBLISHERS of established technical journal have vacancy for a young man (age abt. 21) to train as editorial assistant. Applicants should have an interest in science, writing and pictorial journalism. Box 1480.

FESTIVAL of Britain. The National Book League requires receptionists for the Exhibition of Books at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Applications marked "Receptionist" to 7 Albemarle St., W.1.

THE Y.M.C.A. invites applics. from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation and a good education with leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S. 2, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

WARDEN'S Assistant and Boys' Club Leader for large Jewish Settlement in East London. Residence optional. Salary by arrangement. Apply Box 1430.

2 Graduate masters (single) reqd. in May. Preferably interested in diction, drama and/or art. Progressive vegetarian school with some difficult children. Box 1229.

NURSERY (Jewish) non-residential, run on modern principles, reqs. exp. staff. Apply, giving details, training & refs.: British OSE Soc., 109-111 Stamford Hill, N.16.

MATRON required now, or in May. Expd. and with knowledge of nature cure methods. Co-educational vegetarian school with some difficult children. Box 1230.

SECRETARY (shorthand-typist) for London office of progressive national music organisation. Part-time might be considered. Details, experience to Box 1670.

PRIVATE Secretary required, German, typing, shorthand, book-keeping. Beginning salary £30 a month. Approx. 40 minutes' train journey London. Good hours, alternate Saturdays. Write Box 1637.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED, capable secretary, shorthand typist, preferably journalistic experience or training and knowledge of Jewish and Zionist affairs. Box 1524.

CAPABLE person required for inside work in Sussex farm guest house. Experience not necessary. Wages £3 p.w. all found. A pleasant job with opportunities for riding. Suggers, Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN graduate, wide interests, experienced journalism and secretarial work, seeks part-time research, re-writing, editorial, secretarial work. Box 1413.

MALE, 34, seeks interesting post, anywhere U.K. Interests: film appreciation, production. Considerable administrative, organising experience. Box 1423.

SECRETARY Personal Assistant seeks post London (would travel). Englishwoman, 25, good education, sht.-typ., French, varied secretarial exp., incl. medical. Box 1449.

YOUNG man (27), exp. writing, research, library administration, teaching, methodical and energetic, sks. administrative or similar post with educational, artistic or cultural organisation. Languages, good degree. Tactful, wide interests. Box 1460.

ARTICLED clerk, 23, socialistic sympathies, sitting November Final, will be wanting clerkship, view partnership, preferably in depressed London area, where legal aid and advice may be undertaken alongside conveyancing or general practice. Suggestions welcomed. Box 1464.

SECRETARY-Shorthand-Typist (L), experienced, requires interesting progressive position; South pref. Commence end March. Write, Speight, Bank Top, Wyndley Lane, Sutton Coldfield, Warcs.

YOUNG lady, good education, French, German, shorthand-typing, library exp., interested in literature and most other subjects, seeks position requiring hard work, initiative and a sense of humour. Box 1498.

YOUNG woman writer, much travelled, wide interests, University education, administrative exp., seeks interesting post in London requiring initiative. Box 1318.

RETIRED Commander with four years in business at £750 p.a. wants post as organising secretary or other constructive work, preferably country. Box 1417.

CHANGE to post with scope for initiative sought by young lady B.Sc. (Econ.), fluent French, exp. cttee. work, case work, teaching, research, secretarial. Box 1308.

WOMAN Doctor (28) seeks non-medical work preferably in publishing but anything considered. Interests literature, languages, music, art. Salary less important than interesting work. Box 1278.

EXPD. Assistant Master, main subjects, mod. languages, sks. post. Box 1281.

SHORTHAND typist, age 38, good speeds and education, wide experience, requires position, 5-day week. Box 1223.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 7 Baker Street W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

PARACHUTES, 1, 16 panels, Pure White Silk; each panel 36in × 84in. 4 panels, 15s.; 8 panels, 27s. 6d.; Whole Parachute, 52s. 6d. 2, Huge White Rayon panels: each 45in × 9 yds., panels 17s. 6d.; 4 panels, 32s. 6d.; 8 panels, 60s. Post Free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1 Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make) Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, pamphlets. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder "Remaking & Bedding," Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PARACHUTES. Pure White or Beige, Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top: 2 panels 17s. 6d.; 4 panels 32s. 6d.; 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Sheeting, Natural Shade, 6yds. × 24in., each, 21s.; 6yds. × 32in., each, 27s. New Off-White Heavy Linen Lengths, Ideal for Furnishings & Loose Covers, 78in. × 27in. approx.; 2 lengths for 22s. 6d. New Grey Linen Boxed Mattress Cases, size 6ft. × 2ft. 3in. approx. (Box 4½ to 5in.), each 22s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

PARACHUTES. Nylon. Peach, Pink, or Light Blue; each panel 36in × 150in. 2 panels 20s.; 4 panels 37s 6d.; 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Housefrocks. Printed Cotton, Blue, Red or Yellow with Polka dot design, superb value, W, each 18s. 6d.; W&, each 20s.; OS, each 21s. 6d. Carr Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

EXAMINATIONS and SCHOLARSHIPS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. June 1951 Examinations. The half-yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations for candidates will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 5, 6 and 7 next, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other Centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received before April 1, 1951 at the offices of the Assocn., 22 Bedford Sq., London, W.C.1.

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. Principal: R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A. At this adult residential College, which includes a department of social studies, the following scholarships are available for session 1951/52. National Scholarships of the value of £160 each to cover a full session of three terms: Jubilee Research Scholarship of the value of £280—£300 for research into the development of the Co-operative Movement. Full information from the College Administrative Officer.

BISHOP'S Stortford College, Herts. An Examination for the award of Scholarships & Exhibitions between the value of £100 and £30 will be held on June 7 and 8, 1951. For particulars apply Headmaster.

PERSONAL

SEASIDE house/cottage required about July 25-August 22 for one or two families with children; rent or exchange Hampstead flat, Slough house. Box 1416.

LONDON. Schoolmaster offers family accom. near Richmond Park, exchange quiet seaside house/cottage, August. Box 1448.

PROGRESSIVE music organisation urgently requires voluntary assistance (organising and secretarial) on London Festival of Britain projects. Box 1671.

LADY, holding responsible post, versatile, good cook (diploma) and able to drive, requires interesting post for approximately 3 weeks end of July. Suggestions invited. Box 1190.

FOR sale, a mobile van home, fully converted, in perfect condition and fully furnished. £180 secures. Rigby, Gloucester Farm, Charlestown, Weymouth, Dorset.

ISLAND holiday, small cottage on remote island off coast Donegal. 4 doml. beds, water, some mod. cons., daily help. Own beach & use of dinghy, from Easter to July. Rent 5-7gns. wkly. according to dates. Mayo, Welbeck 1740.

CAR-owner (lady) seeks 2-3 companions to share expenses and driving, to Spain or France, 2-3 weeks over Easter. Also to Scandinavia in July. Box 1674.

GEOPOLITICS. Will any interested in starting group to discuss this subject with ultimate aim of forming an institute, write to J. D., 40 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1?

SOPHIE & Samson, blackfaced 8-wk.-old pekes, want kind and sympathetic homes together if possible. Box 1507.

ARTISTS' West End Studio; small painting classes. Highest professional individual tuition for beginners in serious but informal atmosphere. Reasonable terms. Box 1426.

OLD Student Christian Movement members ought to know the Movement is reducing Staff seriously in view restricted resources. Full information from Annandale, North End Road, N.W.11.

CONVERSATION English-German with English person beginning German or advanced. HAM. 0929 evenings.

INDIVID. tuition by prof. teacher: German/Latin/Greek. All grades. Box 1528.

ITALIAN lessons—grammar, conversation, etc., by native speaker (University lecturer); guaranteed results. Box 1471.

VERSES to order for special and not-so-special occasions. Attractive terms. Write Box 1397.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

NURSE Olivier, Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlew, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

HIGHLY-qualified musician has a few unexpected vacancies for piano pupils in London. Box 1216.

WELL-fitted stage Leics. Sq. for hire. Plays, Ballets etc. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678

SWISS holidays, Easter, Spring (Winter sports), Summer. Private parties. First-class mountain hotel. Moderate prices. References. Rackett, South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Källerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

ENGLISH. Tuition by prof. writer, Expert, original, individual. MAI. 0082.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from few mins.' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florentan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

PERSONAL—continued

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Three Refresher Courses in General Craftwork for Teachers and others, March 23-31, April 1-7 and 9-14. Full particulars from Principal.

PAINTING holidays, glorious Welsh coast, individual tuition for serious people. Box 1577.

COOK'S escorted luxury motor coach tours are supported by 110 years' experience of travel. France & Switzerland, 14 days, 55gns., departures from London, May 5, 8, 12, 19, 22, 26; Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, France, 9 days, 42gns., departures May 3, 5, 12, 14, 21, 23, 30. For details of these and other tours from 24gns., apply: Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. 1/A/FZ, Berkeley St., London, W.1, or any of our 68 branches, or any office of Dean & Dawson, Ltd.

FRANCE. Have just returned to London having met parents offering hospitality March/April in return for sending their children to Britain in summer; or vice versa. Vacancies in John Robertson's friendly party to Paris at Easter, leaving evening March 22 (or morning 28th). Small parties to Courlay s. Mer (S.W. France) leaving May 12 and June 10. Details: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

EASTER holidays: we have a variety of interesting holiday suggestions for you! House party for young professional people in Hampshire or near Oxford, Spring ski-ing at Zermatt or Hochsolden, Austria, or a gay Esster party in Paris. Full details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

IN Whymper's Day mountaineering was the preserve of people who could spend months and money finding out the hard way. To-day at our climbing centre in the Tyrol you can quickly learn that basic skill which opens the world of mountains to you. 16-day holiday £35 12s. 6d., incl. all equipment. Details Ramblers' Assoc., 48 V, Park Road, N.W.1.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £38. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

GRAND Four Countries Tour, including Paris by night and seven days in Switzerland. 15 days 43gns. Ask for details of this and other holidays at home and abroad. Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

AUSTRIA, France, Italy, Switzerland. 14 days all-inclusive London back to London, from 22gns. Illustrated brochure from: R. H. Alpine Tourist Agency, 40 Dean St., London, W.1. GERrard 5884/5.

CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffordshire, have good cruisers, sleeping 2-6 people, wide choice of routes in lovely scenery.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Quick and post. Negs. 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

GOOD speech, Stage trng., department. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric Hammersmith, Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 28 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. BUS. 3466.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

OFFICERS & Executives Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. Personal loans from £30. LAN. 5714.

A CONJURER who will make your party a success. "Chris De Frésnel." Member of the Magic Circle. SPEedwell 5330.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BOGNOR Sea Front. Pier View, Steyne, Bognor Regis Central. Board Res., every comfort, h. & c. and fires all rooms. Children welcomed. Half-price sharing with parents. Good, liberal table. Special early bookings 3½gns. June 41gns. July 5½gns. August 6gns. Apply for brochure or 'phone 933.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune—Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlooking sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

BLUEBELL woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. Simple accommodation with friendly people; remote Pennine Valley. From 3gns. Mrs. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Nr. Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adj. bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock & Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. From 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

GREAT Missenden, Bucks. Tapping House Private Hotel; 2 mins. from station, 1 hr. London. Charming XVIIth century house with all modern comforts. All bedrooms with h. & c. Centrally heated throughout. Excellent food. Tel.: 516.

WHY not a week-end by the river? You will be most comfortable at White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford. Tel.: 3155. London 45 miles.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (Rtd.).

PICTURESQUE Winchelsea. Enjoy a simple but very comfortable holiday at Petronillas Plat. Catering highly recommended, personally prepared. Easter and Summer vacancies. Moderate terms. Petronillas Plat, Winchelsea, Sussex.

FOLKESTONE. Comf., small, warm guest-house now open to receive visitors. Good ckg. Nelson, 11 Grimston Gdns. Tel 3454.

N. WALES. Historic farmhouse offers comfort, magnificent views, fishing, walking, good food. H. and c. 5 gns. Box 1459.

CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & c. All conv., finely situated on Ogwen Rd. Cd. centre for Rels. in Snowdonia. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

FAMILIES with tiny babies made particularly welcome at Brewery Farmhouse, Great Mongeham, Deal, Kent. Cots, high-chairs, prams and baby baths included. Plenty of well-cooked food. On bus route to sea, 2½ miles. Mrs. Davies, Deal 1195.

AMPLE food, restful holiday in beautiful Suffolk surroundings on large mixed farm. Jersey herd, strawberries, apples, bees, poultry, etc. Fishing and golf near by. Write Honey Tye Farms, Leavenheath, Colchester.

ANNOUNCING a private hotel for those with socially constructive outlook. St. Leonards has been selected because of its unique protection from N. & N.E. Normanhurst (28 beds) is well appointed, faces South on best part sea-front. From 14s. daily, £4 to £6 10s. weekly including gratuities, early tea to room, 4 meals daily, coffee. Centrally heated bedrooms in winter. H. & c. and spring interior mattresses every bedroom, many twin-bedded. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Phone Hastings 4784. Medically commended, protective climate, opposite all-weather promenade.

CONVALESCENCE, winter rest or residence recommended at St. Leonards-on-Sea. See advertisement by Normanhurst above. Congenial. Reduction on above terms for those staying four weeks or more in winter. Warm bedrooms and lounges.

CAPRI—Eden Paradiso Hotel, Anacapri. In a most delightful situation on this beautiful island. Every comfort. Recently renovated. Write details: N. Farace.

NR. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans. Charming, well-run modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 miles. Restaurant open to non-residents. Reserve tables. Tel. Jordans 2155.

MRS. Lawrie, of Homeleigh Farm Guest House, Menadue, Polperro Rd., Nr. Looe, Cornwall, now booking for season 1951.

A REAL welcome awaits you at Bevan's Lyn Valley Hotel, Lynmouth. Beautifully situated. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Lounges, Ballroom, etc., Excel. cuisine. Fully licd. R.A.C. Apply: T. H. Marriott. Resident Manager.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. You can golf, walk, ride, or laze in front of big log fires. Lovely furniture, Persian carpets, and a friendly atmosphere. Good food, too. Sharpthorne 17.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing, Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel.: 71.

DEVON & Cornwall for early holidays. Guest Houses in delightful surroundings. Very reas. terms. Illustrated brochure No. 18 free: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish, Devon.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA for milder winter or spring holidays (see announcement near head of column). Enquire now also for Summer; boating; fishing; bathing (own tent); lovely Sussex countryside. Summer £4 14s. 6d to £7 12s. 6d. Recom. by members of Toc H; W.V.S.; also Quakers, &c. Open to all with socially constructive outlook or in sympathy similar ideals. Congenial. Splendidly appntd. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade. Best part sea front.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6½gns. weekly. Write for brochure or Phone 291.

THE Old Hope Anchor, Rye, regrets to inform its clients that it must close this winter but will re-open on March 14.

ROME. Pensione "Casa Nostra." Via Spallanzani 44. Quiet situation. English-speaking management. Moderate terms.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

LONDON. "West Court." Ealis Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, man. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley ideal for rest and recuperation. Home-grown produce: log fires: breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

BOURNEMOUTH. — Connaught Court Hotel. Tel. 1944. 33 rooms. 1 acre grounds. Every comfort. Superlative food. 6gns. wkly. 7-8gns. June onwards.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 778.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

HILL lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Fenrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

BOURNEMOUTH, Whitehall Hotel, A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Central Gardens, Bridge Hostess. 57 bedrooms. H. & C. Telephones. Lift. Very central. Reduced winter terms. Summer terms 8 to 11 gns. Phone: B'mouth 7155/6/7.

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"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334): 7 (ex. Mon.), 8; & Sun. 5 & 8. "Spring at Marino." Mems.

UNIVERSITY College London Dramatic Society presents Foundation Play 1951, "The White Devil," by John Webster; on Feb. 29, March 1, 2, 3, at 7 p.m. in the College. Tkts. 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., from the Business Manager, Dram. Soc., Univ. Coll., Gower St., W.C.1. (EUS. 8332).

UNITY, EUS. 5391. "Here Goes!" Revue by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Pate. Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

MOSCOW Character: New Soviet Comedy (1949). David Dawson, Archie Duncan, Sybil Ewbank, Tonia Hildreth, Miriam Karlin, Pauline Loring, Bernard Rebel, etc. Reading, Sun., Feb. 25, 3.30 p.m. 14 Kensington Squ., W.8 (WES. 1591). Tickets 1s. 6d. (Students, S.C.R. members 1s.).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Feb. 25: "Le Renoir" & "La Regle du Jeu" (A). From Feb. 26: Magnani and Fabrizi in Rossellini's "Open City" (A).

LONDON Film Club. Next programmes. March 1, Film Brains Trust (Catharine de la Roche, Thorold Dickinson, Gavin Lambert, Richard Winnington, and others). March 8, Julius Caesar (Bradley). The Brothers Karamazov (Ozep); at the Royal Empire Society Theatre. Details: Secretary, 20-21 Tooks Court, Cursitor St., E.C.4. CHA. 3709.

NEW Era Film Club. "Academician Pavlov"; "Smith, our Friend"; "Indonesia Calling"; at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Fri. & Sat. Mar. 2 & 3, 7.30. Dets. tkts., membship.: A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

SCALA Theatre, Tottenham Ct. Road, W.1. One Night Only. Sun., Feb. 25 at 7 p.m. Rossellini's "Paisa," Charlie Chaplin "The Cure," Bing Crosby "Dream House." In Aid of Charity. Tkts. (all reserved) 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., £1. 1s., from T.V.A., 247 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2., or Box Office open 3 p.m. on day of show.

MOUNTAINEERING Association Films. Caxton Hall, Westminster. March 5, 7.30 p.m. "Avalanche Patrol," "Kamet Conquered," "Ski-ing in Austria," "Aiguilles du Diable." Tickets 2s. 6d. from Large, 43 Rainsford Lane, Chelmsford, or at door.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Feb. 25, 7.30. "Une Si Jolie Petite Plage" (A).

HENRY Wood Birthday Promenade Concert, Royal Albert Hall, Sat., Mar. 3, at 7.30. Programme includes: Serenade to Music (Vaughan Williams), Piano Concerto No. 2 (Rachmaninoff), Symphony No. 7 (Sibelius), 'Cello Concerto No. 2 (First perf.) (Herbert Murrill). Soloists: Vera Canning, Moiseiwitsch. B.B.C. Singers. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Cond.: Sir Henry Wood. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 4s., 3s. 6d., Promenade 2s (all in advance), from Hall, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Feb. 25, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Gibbs String Quartet. Carbden (Clements Prizewinning Work, 1948); Haydn G. Op. 54; Bloch Three Landscapes; Beethoven F, Op. 95. Adm. 1s.

BRITISH Student Tuberculosis Appeal. D University College London Music Soc. presents Nina Milkina, Pianoforte, and Noel Boyce, Baritone. Accompanist, David Money. New London String Quartet. Mon., Mar. 5, 7.30, Friends House, Euston Rd.: Quartet in D maj. (K.499), Mozart; Group of Songs, Brahms; Sonata in D maj. (K.576), Mozart; Quartet in B flat, No. 6, Beethoven. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Chappell's and at door.

FIRST appearance in England: Michael Mann—viola, Yaltah Menuhin—piano; Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlboro' St., W.1. Sat., March 3, at 7. Tickets: 3s. 6d. from WMA (PAD. 8670). Works by Ariosti, Schubert, Hindemith, Lutyens, Milhaud.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 27 at 7.45 p.m. Musical evening. Smetana's symphonic poems "Sarka" & "Bohemia's Fields & Forests" from "My Country" presented as "spoken opera" by Stephen Jolly. Chair.: Herbert Marshall. All welc. Adm. free.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Saturday, February 24, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Cary Stone's Orchestra. Licence applied for. Spot Prizes. Dress optional. Non-members welcome. Tickets 4s. 6d. each at door.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Saturday 24th, at 8 p.m. Band. Buffet. Admission 2s. 6d.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). Dancing to a first-class band, Sat., February 24, from 7.30-11 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Spot prizes, etc. Dancing on 2 floors. Entrance 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Memorial Exhibition of the French artist, Maxime Maufra (1861-1918), a marine and landscape painter.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Hans Feibusch and Maurice Serullaz. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. "Aspects of Italy"—the street, the Piazza and the people who live there. Photos by R. L. Banks, and drawings by Vespignani & Moroni. Feb. 8-March 3. Mon.-Sat. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-5. Adm. free.

HUMPHREY Jennings Memorial Exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Feb. 21-March 9. Weekdays 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—4th Series—Bonnard, Daumier, Ingres, Pissarro, etc., & important Degas bronzes. Dly. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

LEGER, 13 Old Bond St., daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Paintings by Adrian Stokes.

PORTSMOUTH Group. A collection of Paintings and Drawings. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

DANISH Illustrators of Today. An Arts Council Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open daily, except Sundays, until March 3, 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Notable purchases (Courbet, Renoir, Cassatt, Bonnard, Vuillard, Klee, etc.) and Oil paintings by Marcoussis.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Some British Masters of the 18th and 19th Centuries. 10-5.30; Sat., 10-1. Until March 10.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings for Hire. Olga Martin, Russell Quay.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Jan Le Witt. New Lithographs by Picasso, Masson, Laurens and Kermadec. Until March 10.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Christopher Wood, M. Rothenstein, Klinetuk. Water Colours by Wilson Steer. Hours 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Polish Book Covers and Illustrations at Grillion Galls., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Open till March 3: daily 10-5; Sats. 10-1. Adm. 1s.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Open Assembly 10-5. Adm. 1s. Feb. 23-March 17.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GERMANY and Rearmament," Heinrich Fraenkel. March 2, 8 p.m., Westminster Friends Meeting House, 52 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. I.V.S.P.

"GUNS for the Germans"; Dr. Martin Niemoller, Lady Parmoor, Eric Fletcher, M.P., F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., Viscount Stansgate in the chair. 7.30 p.m., February 28. Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, London, W.C.1. Adm. free. Collection. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

PEACE with China. Public Meeting, Wed., Feb. 28, 8 p.m. Saint Michael's Hall, Golders Green Rd., N.W.11. Speakers: Julian Freedman, Mrs. Freda Laski, Norman MacKenzie. Adm. free.

"NO German Re-armament—No War with China." Kensington Town Hall, 8 p.m., Monday, March 5. Speakers: Rev. Stanley Evans and Mr. Alun Falconer. Adm. 6d.

ARCHWAY Central Hall. Feb. 26, at 8 p.m. Lady Parmoor, Lord Faringdon, Ian Mikardo, M.P., Norman MacKenzie, Read Collins on "Peace with China."

"KRUPP and the Law of Nations"; F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., Central London Fabian Soc., Wed., Feb. 28, 7.30, N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. 1s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Peace with China Council's next big meeting: Sir John Pratt, Elwyn Jones, M.P., Margery Fry, Finchley Road Baths, N.W.3., Sat. Feb. 24, 7.30.

FABIAN Society Fork Lunch: Nat. Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Feb. 28, at 12.45 p.m. Spkr. Leslie Hale, M.P. Price 2s. 3d. Pay at door.

CHINA Crisis: Public Meeting, Tuesday, Feb. 27, 8 p.m. Chelsea Town Hall. Speakers: Lord Chorley, Sir John Pratt, Mrs. Ganley, M.P., William Warbey. Adm. free.

GUILDFORD are readers of "The New Statesman" who find themselves in some agreement with statement of Prof. G. D. H. Cole (in "N.S. & N." of Feb. 3) are invited to a meeting at Guildcroft, 109 Epsom Road, at 4.30 Sun. aft., Feb. 25. Tea will be served. W. Van Clute.

"TECHNICAL Education and Practice in Hungary," an illustrated talk by Mrs. E. B. Coldicutt, M.Sc., Dip. Ed., Engineering School, University of Melbourne, and Mr. A. B. Coldicutt, B.C.E., A.M.I.E.A., A.M.I.F.A., Ex-Chief Engineer, Forests Commissions, Victoria, Aus., at the Hungarian Club, 33, Pembridge Square, W.2, on Thursday, March 1, at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593): "Poland's New Family Law." Lecture by Mr. Stanley Moore on Friday, Feb. 23, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Adm. free. Refreshments.

HAMPSTEAD Friends Meeting House, 120 Heath St., N.W.3. Tues., Feb. 27, 7.30 "Is War Inevitable? A Quaker View." Spkrs.: Stanley C. Farrar & Hugh Faulkner.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOVIET Building To-day: How it strikes an Engineer, A Housewife, A Building Worker, An Editor, An Artist. Eye-witness accounts by recent visitors. Wed., Feb. 28, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (members & students 1s.).

I.C.A. Feb. 24: "At Home." Spanish Flamenco records. Feb. 26: Film Programme. "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (Donskoi). "A Lesson in Geometry." "Looking at Sculpture." Mar. 1: Film Forum on this programme. Mar. 2: Young Composers, III. Phyllis Tate, Chamber Cantata, Reading by Sidney Keyes. Mar. 3: "At Home," American Folk Singers. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. New members welcome.

EX-SERVICEMEN protest against Call-up, & Trafalgar Square, Sun., February 25, 3 p.m.

"STATE and Society in Judaism." Two Lectures by E. I. J. Rosenthal, M.A., D.Phil. (Lecturer in Hebrew, Univ. of Cambridge), Sundays, Feb. 25, and March 11, at 3.30 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28, St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga & Self-knowledge, Caxton Hall, S.W., Tuesdays, 1 p.m. Feb. 27: Abhyasa or Practice. Mar. 6, The Inner Light.

BUDDHIST Society, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Fri., March 2, 6.30. "First Principles of Buddhism (2): Karma and Rebirth." Ven. Bhikkhu U Thittila.

MISS Sukesi Budiardjo will speak on "Modern Indonesian Literature," March 2, at 8 p.m. in Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

"SCOTLAND Yard and Police Principles." A lecture will be given by H. M. Howgrave-Graham, C.B.E., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, February 26, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 3 at 6 p.m., Mme. Claudine Chonez (Alliance Française): "André Gide."

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., March 1, 6.30 p.m. Prof. Duchesne-Guillemin: "Paul Valery and his English Translators." Readings by Jill Balcon and Cecil D. Lewis. Adm. free.

"THE Christian Alternative to Power Politics." Public Meeting, Thurs., March 8, at 7.30, Friends House, Euston Rd. (nearly opposite Euston Station). Dr. E. E. Aitken, Sharan Singha, Victor Yates, M.P., R. Andrews. Chair: Eric Tucker. All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Feb. 25, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Intuitionism." Questions after lectures. Free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Feb. 27: General Discussion: "Must There Be War?" Adm. free. Collection.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sunday, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Feb. 25: "The Mystery of the Universe."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. March 1: "Essentials of Indian Psychology."

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Living Prepared for the Future." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sun., Feb. 25, at 11 a.m.

THE Nature Cure Clinic. "Manipulative Treatments": Mr. Philip Knaggs, D.C., M.B.N.A., Mon., Feb. 26, 7.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Byzantine Art and the West from the 10th to the 13th Century" will be given by Dr. Otto Demus (Vienna) at 3 p.m. on March 6, 9 and 13, at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Sq., W.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "Reflections on Gestalt Theory" will be given by Professor A. W. P. Wolters at 5.30 p.m. on March 6 and 7 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

REHABILITATION Short Course: "The Epileptic." March 15, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1. Chairman: H. H. Bagnall, Esq. Speakers: Dr. E. A. Blake Pritchard, M.D., F.R.C.P.; Professor F. Golla, O.B.E., F.R.C.P.; Dr. C. W. M. Whitty, B.A., B.Sc., M.R.C.P. W. E. Aston, Esq., Dame Georgiana Buller, D.B.E., R.R.C., J.P. Discussion. Course Fee 10s. 6d. Programmes available from British Council for Rehabilitation, Tavistock House (South), Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1 (EUSton 4037), or at Victoria Hall on March 15.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training. Gregg speed class daily. Evening classes. New course Feb. 19. Mrs. King, 115 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 3855.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

FEDERATION or Co-operation? Progressive League Conference: on the Integration of Europe. Royal Hotel, London, March 10-11 at 2.30 and 5.30 each day. George Catlin, Dennis Healey, Anthony Crosland, M.P., and Miss Josephy. Chair all times. C. E. M. Joad. Tickets: all stgs. and dance 10s. 6d., or with meals 25s., from 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2, marked "Int. Eur."

FABIAN Society Easter Conference: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey, March 23-26: "Can Local Government Survive?" Director: H. D. Hughes. Charges: £3, 15s., £3. 10s. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CHRISTIAN Action. A Week-end Conference, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, April 6-9. "The Christian Response in the Present Situation." Among those who hope to take part are Lord Halifax, Lord Pakenham, Mr. Victor Gollancz, Sir Richard Acland, M.P., The Rev. Gordon Lang, M.P., Douglas Hyde, Father Corbishley, S.J., Sydney Walton, The Rev. A. D. Belden, B.D., W. T. Williams, M.P. For full particulars apply Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw memorial lectures, February 27, March 6 Central Hall, S.W.1., 7.15 p.m. "Our Debt to Shaw." Speakers: The Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Benn W. Levy. Series tickets, price 5s., from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Single tickets—not reserved, 2s. 6d. at the door.

CAXTON Hall. Lecture Series "Women & Men." Chair.: Emily Hahn. Thurs., Mar. 15, 8 p.m., "Development of Moral Standards" Dr. Alex Comfort, Ph.D. 2s. Series 7s. 6d. ASH. 3320. Married Women's Trust.

CLASS 2 Reservists. Re-call conference. "What Action Now? Lecture Room, Central Hall, Westminster, Thurs., March 15, 7 p.m. Speakers: Victor Yates, M.P., Sybil Morrison, P.P.U. Organiser, Bernard Withers, Secy. Central Board for Conscientious Objectors. Chair: Stuart Morris, Gen. Secy. P.P.U. Adm. free. Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

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